*"So when art would embody in beauty the idea of triumph without weariness, of glad elation untouched by envious defeat, of high intelligence overcoming the barbarous and base,— when it would add to the fairest human loveliness some hint of superhuman power and dominion over a region more vast than earth,— it created the Victory of the Wings, to be a lasting signal before our wondering eyes, and an incentive to that dignity of bearing which we behold only in the rarest personalities."*

(See page 102.)

# The Making of Personality

By

**Bliss Carman**

*Author of "Pipes of Pan," "Sappho," "The Kinship of Nature," "The Friendship of Art," "The Poetry of Life," etc.*

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# The Measure of Man

*He who espouses perfection*
*Must follow the threefold plan*
*Of soul and mind and body,*
*To compass the stature of man.*

*For deep in the primal substance*
*With power and purpose and poise,—*
*An order under the chaos,*
*A music beneath the noise,—*

*The urge of a secret patience*
*Throbbed into rhythm and form,*
*Till instinct attained to vision*
*And the sentient clay grew warm.*

*For sense was a smouldering fire,*
*And spirit a breath of air*
*Blowing out of the darkness,*
*Fostering reason's flare.*

*By loving, learning, and doing,*
*Being must pass and climb*
*To goodness, to truth, to beauty,*
*Through energy, space, and time;*

## The Measure of Man

*Out of the infinite essence,*
*For the eternal employ,*
*Fashioning, freeing, and kindling*
*Symmetry, wisdom, and joy.*

*Wherefore the triune dominion,—*
*Religion, science, and art,—*
*We may not disrupt nor divide,*
*Setting its kingdoms apart,*

*But ever with glowing ardour*
*After the ancient plan,*
*Build the lore and the rapture*
*Into the life of man.*

# Preface

THERE was never a time, perhaps, bigger with spiritual promise than the present, nor more strenuously eager to liberate the human spirit for its next step forward in the arduous and inspiring journey toward perfection and happiness. The cause enlists the best work of the best workers against just such odds as have always confronted radical effort, but with less stubborn resistance than in duller days.

Among the active forces of advance are the thought and work of Mary Perry King, my coworker in this study of The Making of Personality. Her formulation of an art of normalizing personal expression is original and scientific, and of proven educational

value. From her luminous talks on the subjects of these essays, and on the humanities in general, has been taken the substance of this book and of others that have appeared within the last decade. Refusing joint signature on the title-page, Mrs. King's preference restricts my expression of obligation to a most inadequate prefatory acknowledgment. I welcome even this tardy and too limited opportunity for signifying my appreciation of her happy genius and my indebtedness for her wise and generous coöperation.

The first chapter indicates, as clearly as I can make it, the scope and purpose of the volume and its underlying ideal of education and personal culture. While the book does not attempt to make any systematic presentation of a philosophy (a task to which I am unequal), it will be found to indicate everywhere a triune ideal of normal well-being and happiness, and to be based upon a definite conception of symmetrical life and growth, — a conception which attributes to aspiration,

effort, and education equal and coherent values.

The paths of mental and spiritual training are well marked, and physical education itself is growing rapidly in popularity and efficiency, but the work of relating the three in any coördinate personal culture has as yet hardly been recognized as a desirability. Such work at its best cannot be merely a profession, it is essentially a most subtle and comprehensive art, — the art of appreciating, interpreting, and educating personality.

This triunistic or unitrinian philosophy, as I find myself calling it to avoid a confusing use of the word trinitarian, lends itself most simply and practically as a standard of discrimination and a guide in self-culture.

B. C.

Boston, *February, 1908.*

# Contents


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | The Meaning of Personality | 1 |
| II. | The Underglow | 43 |
| III. | The Lucky Pilot | 58 |
| IV. | The Winged Victory | 73 |
| V. | The Silver String | 104 |
| VI. | Rhythms of Grace | 127 |
| VII. | Beauty of the Foot | 156 |
| VIII. | The Art of Walking | 185 |
| IX. | Dancing as a Fine Art | 204 |
| X. | The Music of Life | 221 |
| XI. | The Sorcery of the Hand | 250 |
| XII. | The Leaven of Art | 257 |
| XIII. | Designer and Builder | 278 |
| XIV. | The Might of Manners | 289 |
| XV. | The Use of Out-of-Doors | 310 |
| XVI. | The Dominion of Joy | 324 |
| XVII. | The Growers | 342 |
| XVIII. | An Old-Fashioned Essence | 353 |
| XIX. | Genius and the Artist | 71 |

# The Making of Personality

## The Meaning of Personality

THERE is still nothing more interesting than personality. Selves are all that finally count. To discerning modern eyes all of life is a mere setting for the infinitely intense and enthralling drama of personalities. We slave and endure and dare and give ourselves to the engrossing demands of business and affairs, deluding ourselves for the hour with the notion that mere activity ensures success, and that deliberate achievement, if only it be strenuous enough, will bring happiness. But in moments of calm sanity we perceive our

folly, and know full well that personality and not performance is the great thing.

Current thought attests this. Popular aspiration passionately affirms it. Whatever any one's philosophy of living may be, whether transcendental or materialistic, the first and chief concern in its pursuance is how to make the most of it in making the most and best of oneself. All our social disquiet, our constant turmoil in political and industrial life, means only an attempt to give larger freedom and greater scope for the perfection of human personality. We would give it room to grow, opportunity to thrive, the chance to realize its ideals. Under the stress of a divine evolutionary impulse, we wish to disentangle personality from the crushing monotony of mere circumstantial mechanical existence. Man is not willing to remain an automáton, but must somehow achieve and vindicate an individual selfhood. We feel sure that it is to this end that we were created, and to this end surely all progress

is seen to be tending. The seed of the gods, sown in the dust of the ground, exerts its infinitesimal but mighty force to break from its enveloping darkness and put forth at last the perfect long-awaited flower of mankind.

Not only is this the urge underlying our instinctive, tentative, and often irrational efforts for the reform and betterment of institutions, but underlying the demand for better individual education among thinking and cultivated people as well. Our modern plays and novels all centre about the values of personality, the influence of personality, the freedom of personality, the development, triumph, or defeat, of personality. When before our own day were such cold psychological problems as Ibsen's offered and accepted as entertainment? Even such expositions as Marie Bashkirtseff's and Mary MacLane's are accepted as frank statements of truth, "human documents" that may help to gain freedom for other personalities.

Of old, men were more engulfed in nature,

more deeply embedded in subconsciousness and dreams, more completely under the domination of superstitions, fears, and marvels, and felt themselves more helplessly in the hands of an inscrutable destiny which they could neither conquer nor placate. The mere fact of general existence was a lifelong and perplexing wonder. There was neither time nor light for the recognition and realization of self. Then, too, there were more external dangers, wars, famines, pestilences, which made men cling together, repressing individuality. With greater peace and assurance of subsistence, tribal ties and obligations were loosened, and the individual awoke and put forth hungry self-conscious claims for growth. It was not enough to be a fraction, one must be an integer. And to-day that thought, that aim, is the one supreme motive force underlying our civilization, — the emancipation and cultivation of personality.

In personal culture, that great task which

confronts us all, and to which many of us apply ourselves with so much impetuous fervour and persistence, there is one supreme truth to be constantly remembered, the threefold nature of personality, and consequently its threefold perfectability in the different but inseparable realms of spirit, mind, and body.

In cultivating personality, it is impossible to disregard the person. For the person of every man and woman is not merely the shell and tenement wherein the spirit dwells, but the very substance and fibre of personality. Walt Whitman said of his book, "Who touches this, touches a man." As truly we may say of any human body, "Who touches this, touches a soul." When my friend lays his hand upon my shoulder, it is my very most intimate self that must respond, not merely this flesh and blood whose form and features are recognizable in my name. The culture of personality, therefore, is a very complex and subtle process. It is not accom-

plished by the acquiring of knowledge and the adoption of morality alone, but by every moment's life of the body, — every deed, every word, every gesture, — by the deliberate training of exercise and regimen, by the long course of habitual occupation, and by every brief act of each irrevocable instant. We not only transform our outward bodily persons by what we are, making them simulacra of our inmost selves, but in sober truth our most essential selves are in their turn reflexly transformed by the reacting influence of our physical habits and doings. If a crabbed and malign soul makes its inevitable appearance in the face, just so truly does the habitual cultivation of a gracious and considerate demeanour tend inevitably to eradicate those unhappy conditions of spirit. To forget this power of the body upon the mind and spirit, is to leave one-half of the resources of education untried and miss half of the opportunity of this too brief life. A cheap and shallow religious optimism may

bemuse itself with idle ecstasies, but it has yet to demonstrate its ability to support life without food and impart perennial vigour to the mind. Dreams and aspirations are the natural output of the human soul, but nutrition and hygiene are its proper and inevitable sources of vitality. Only by the careful use of these modest means, and not otherwise, can we detach ourselves from our mother ground and go about our rational activities in this perplexing world.

The long playing of a rôle like Hamlet, if it be well enacted, works so insidiously upon the spirit of the actor as to become a formidable danger. No conscientious actor could repeat the performance of such a rôle as Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde through an extended run, without incurring grave responsibilities to himself; while the portrayal of the characteristic habits of Rosalind, on the other hand, acts as an irresistible nervous tonic; so ineradicably is the spirit joined to the kindly clay in which it was begotten. So, too, the

persistent punchings and pommellings of some forms of exercise strengthen not only the habits of physical violence, but deeper lying habits of aggression and pugnacity as well. And it is clearly recognized that these manly arts must require and inculcate a code of manly honour and fair play, in order to maintain our respect. When they fail to do this, they become brutal and brutalizing at once, and lose favour even with the most uncultivated of their devotees. The pugilist's necessary self-control extends to the soul behind the fist, and habitual grace of conduct appreciably forestalls and discourages gross desires. The enforced gymnastic of some gracious expression, if imposed on naughty children, is a more fruitful corrective than most forms of punishment. If gymnastics in good motion were given to criminals, it would prove more reformative than most moral suasion, for it would be more deep and instinctive; it would be as if we should provide them with the mechanism of escape from

the evil aptitudes in which they are imprisoned.

Both fundamentally and throughout infinite intricacies of subdivisions, the making of personality has its threefold requirement and procedure, and must depend on definite training in morality, intelligence, and physique. A realization of this triune composition of our being and its consequent threefold need of nurture and symmetrical growth, is the most auspicious beginning of culture. It weeds out all false pride in partial excellence and special accomplishment; it does away with mistaken prejudices as to overdevelopment and underdevelopment in any direction at the cost of general symmetry; and substitutes a standard of normal growth with equilibrium of powers, for one of excessive and exceptional cultivation and specialization. When once accepted as a criterion of personal culture, it affords the most helpful basis for self-examination, and for the selection of whatever kind of reinforcement one may

most need at any given moment; it indicates the most serviceable adjustment of conditions, and the most valuable utilization of circumstances. It is a magic formula which turns everything into grist for the mills of life, is a remedy for hardship and a cure for despair.

Inasmuch as we must both get and give our impressions of personality through its physical expressions, and as this fact is very generally underestimated, it may not be amiss to emphasize it. The physical side of personality offers a medium of transmission for reason and impulse, and at the same time is the only soil and substance through which the spiritual and intellectual live and are reinforced. This surely seems sufficient reason for making an appropriate and adequate physical education one of the bases for the culture of personality, — a culture which may be begun in childhood long before self-consciousness dawns or conscience makes itself known.

## The Meaning of Personality

The making of personality begins with learning to breathe and move.

> "How Nature first made throb
> Her atoms in the void,"

we do not know, nor how the reasoning soul takes on the restlessness of matter. These are among the mysteries, but we know very well that even before birth the human personality begins to be moulded by parental will; and that in childhood the form and features, and habits of motion, are modified and moulded as the mind and emotional nature assert themselves in the plastic little bodies. Then, of course, is the time to safeguard and foster natural and right methods of breathing and motion. Unfortunately we have small habit of doing that, and modern life imposes wrong and unnatural habits on the child almost imperceptibly, and days of labour under unfavourable conditions and at highly specialized industries come to further arrest and distort the growth of the young and impressionable

physique. All the main activities of modern life, most of its industries and nearly all business and professional vocations, are carried on under conditions so far removed from the primitive circumstances of natural living, that it is hardly an exaggeration to question whether one person in a hundred breathes and moves well. So that it is not at all preposterous, as it might sound at first, to say that we need to be taught these rudiments of animal existence. The increasing attention we are giving to physical culture and voice training, far from being superfluous, are of the profoundest good, and must in time come to form part of all elementary education as a matter of course.

In this, as in other fields of criticism, it is only the most perfect and beautiful standards that we ought to have always in mind. However strong and healthy we may be, there are still more noble unfulfilled ambitions for the physical perfection of human beauty and being than have ever yet been realized. It can-

not be enough that we should have a goodly number of beautiful faces among our women and strong bodies among our men, it must become our national pride to people the land with a more perfect race than the world has yet seen. Of what use otherwise are our boasted growth and civilization? After all, wealth is made for man, not man for wealth. And we are undone surely, if our great advantages and wonderful achievements cannot be assimilated, and do not tend to make us generally and individually more healthy, more sane, more happy. One may be an uncompromising admirer of the age and yet perceive heights of perfection before it still unattained. Shall we allow it to be truly said that another nation is more unselfishly devoted to truth and science than we, or any other people more careful of justice than ourselves, or that we can be surpassed in our instinct for beauty and art? Men and women who are alive to-day in this still New World of unexampled opportunity and resource, can

scarcely content themselves with any less ambitious task than the accomplishment of unrivalled perfection in each and all of these three directions. To do that, there can only be one method employed, — the blending and harmonizing of these three aims into an ideal standard of symmetrical human development.

That a people like the ancient Greeks should have been at the same time devoted to the fine arts and enamoured of physical beauty, was but natural. The possession of taste, the spiritual quality of appreciation which made them so finely discriminating in matters of art and literature, made them also sensitive and fastidious in the matter of human beauty. Their eager and plastic intelligence, and their devotion to all sensible loveliness, were manifest in their nobility of person, and made them give their attention most assiduously to the culture of the body. The Japanese in our own day are a marked instance of the same tendency, — a people in

whom the most highly developed art instinct exists side by side with the utmost attention to physical training and development. The two traits are but different manifestations of one quality, — a passion for perfection in all the forms and colours which nature may assume or art create.

Among Latin peoples there is a like feeling for art and sensitiveness to the alluring influence of beauty, which often seem almost wholly lacking in our more practical and stolid race. Perhaps it is only dormant, buried under the crushing pall of mediæval religionism laid upon it by our excellent but misguided ancestors, or submerged beneath the insufferable weight of business and industrial servitude which we have evolved for ourselves. Alert intelligence, prompt and capable executive qualities, inventiveness, courage, industry, ambition, honesty in dealing, good nature in conduct, these are all traits that make for a cleaner, more wholesome life; but without equivalent discrimi-

nating taste, — a regard for what may be becoming, pleasing, and beautiful, as well as effective, — their command of happiness is most insecure, and all our strenuous endeavours must lead but to doubtful ends and disappointing achievements.

Our architecture, our homes, our dress, our furniture, our household effects, as well as our books, our music, our drama, our statues, and our paintings, — all these necessary and pleasant things with which we surround ourselves must be not only abundant but beautiful in order to serve all our requirements of them. If they surround us in lavish profusion, but without taste, they are but barbarous treasures, exerting a debasing rather than a civilizing influence over us. Everywhere we are beginning to feel this more and more generally, and to discredit the cheap and ugly products of machine labour, and to perceive that art is an inherent quality in all industry which is honest.

Along with this growing appreciation of

art, this sensitiveness to beauty in all our surroundings, must come an ever growing care for our physical perfection. As we become more and more critical of what is ugly in things about us, we shall be more easily offended by any blemish of personal appearance, any defect in bodily vigour, any inadequacy or awkwardness or insincerity in personal expression. It will not seem sufficient to us that a man should be possessed of inflexible integrity and nobility of spirit; we shall demand that his nobility and integrity permeate his entire being, and that he bear himself accordingly and present a noble seeming to the eyes of the world. Moral perfection will not seem enough, while physical perfection is lacking. We shall not then ask every man merely to be a reputable citizen, we shall expect him to be an admirable and creditable example of physical manhood as well.

Love of beauty has been held in disrepute as a pagan ideal of life with which the less we had to do the better. But as we reach a

juster appreciation of our human needs, it takes its place as one of the three requisite factors of human character, al- with the love of truth and the love of -ness. And it does not seem that any well-cho.en care we can bestow on physical education can be unimportant or undignified, or that any element of culture is more needful than the perfecting of our bodily powers and the maintaining of them in all their normal fitness and growing vigour.

"Let us not always say,
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!'"

Physical culture does not emphasize physical consciousness. On the contrary it minimizes it. Just as being well dressed prevents one from being conspicuous, so being well trained and in good condition physically gives one immunity from inordinate, intem-

perate, ill-regulated habits, and brings us to a normal happy state of unselfconscious freedom.

While general lack of taste in the art of living is only too prevalent, and prevents us from being sensitive enough to our physical defects, the overstrained and artificial conditions of modern life tend to aggravate those defects and to make it imperative that we should carefully reinforce and regulate our physical knowledge and procedure, correcting faults and supplying ourselves with legitimate standards of human excellence. Such growth of ideals and of excellence can only be achieved by education and training. And in the domain of physical culture as in any other, education must begin with the rudiments. The first rudiment of beauty is health, one of the first rudiments of grace is a good walk, the first rudiment of a pleasant speaking voice is the ability to breathe freely.

It always seems a little absurd to us grown people at first that we should need to learn

how to walk, or to breathe, or to speak. We protest that these are matters of instinct, that we can do everything of the kind much better if we are allowed to do it naturally, and that if we were to permit ourselves to be instructed we should become affected and artificial. This might be true if we were animals living a free and primitive life, or if we were ideal humans living a correspondingly free and developed life, but we are not. The conditions under which man attained his bodily form and vigour and habits of motion have been dangerously modified by civilization, and many of the demands which modern life lays upon us tend directly to diminish our physical perfection and efficiency, rather than to foster and help them. There is danger that we may lose the natural habits of free, spontaneously graceful human motion, because of the lessening need and opportunity for bodily exertion in many occupations, and the demand for cramping and harmful excess of highly specialized exertion in others.

## The Meaning of Personality

As human society is constituted to-day, many of our most coveted occupations call for no physical exertion whatever. The more diligently we prosecute our nervous and sedentary callings, the less physically fit do we become. While our primitive brother could not devote himself to the simple business of his life without growing thereby in bodily health and vigour, we men and women unfortunately cannot devote ourselves to the affairs of modern life without depleting whatever store of energy and health we may possess. As long as we can sit upon a chair, like Browning's Grammarian, "dead from the waist down," we can still, after an accepted fashion at least, follow our chosen pursuits. We are under no such direct and imperative incentive to keep ourselves strong, as they of earlier simpler times encountered.

Many occupations, moreover, which do call for active bodily exertion are so specialized as to cramp and distort and diminish physical development rather than to help it.

So that there is almost always and everywhere a tendency towards general inefficiency and physical perversion, as the natural man comes under the more or less artificial conditions of contemporary life, whether of luxury or labour, — conditions no less exacting and in many ways much less wholesome than of old. Neither the office, the factory, the schoolroom, the shop, nor the drawing-room, is capable of producing an admirable type of physical manhood, or supplying those activities which call forth fine bodily powers and develop them to the point of adequate perfection.

It is not to be wondered at that our motion should be in danger of losing its primal strength and grace, and that so many of us grow awkward and constrained. Such bad habits become confirmed and transmitted, and we hardly even inherit symmetrical and unhampered physiques or natural motion. Unfortunate mannerisms of carriage and gesture and voice are often our heritage, even if

we acquire no new defects for ourselves. It may have been natural for an Indian or a South Sea Islander to walk well, with no more training than his unvitiated instinct supplied; he would have had a free, unperverted body at his command; and then his walk and motion would have been his natural expressive meeting of a requirement. It does not by any means follow that the city-born man will have the same instinctive faculty. He may never have to run a step nor take a deep breath in his life, nor ever have felt any incentive to realize his best personal preference through bodily exertion. The need of a capable sound physique is not borne in upon him every hour, as it was upon men long ago when all life went on out-of-doors. The possession of grace and strength may seem mildly pleasant and valuable, but it can hardly appear to him an instant matter of life or death. He is not hourly pressed upon by circumstances that call for all his best bodily efforts, and so constantly develop his forces

and faculties, his deftness, skill, strength, and promptness of action.

Animals in their wild state are strong and graceful of necessity, since they must move with the utmost economy of motion or be eliminated for their blundering. Their existence as individuals depends upon their perfecting to the utmost what is normal in their kind. To be awkward is to stand in jeopardy of the very life. To be wasteful of strength, to be inadequate in motion, are sins in the natural world that are visited with the dire punishments of hunger and death. There there is no respect for average excellence, no indulgence of any fashionable weakness or perversion of primal powers.

The primitive man was necessarily and naturally graceful for similar reasons. His free, wild life in the open compelled him to be constantly at his best. He could not shirk, nor be indifferent, nor allow himself to get out of training with impunity. The world about him was a huge and hostile environ-

ment, which yielded him a living indeed, but which compelled him to be always up to the standard of normal manhood, and visited any deflection with a ruthless punishment. His life depended upon his dexterity, precision, and fleetness of foot, on eye and wind and agility. His physique was beautiful because it was fit; and it was kept fit and normal by continual exercise in the most rigorous school of necessity, — a school which compelled expeditious, effective, and unwasteful perfection of activity, and commensurate development.

With moderns the case is very different. The struggle for life is as keen as ever, but its base has been shifted. It is less a case of the survival of the strongest than of the shrewdest. The likeliest to maintain himself among his competing fellows has come to be, not the man of greatest muscle, but the man of keenest calculation. Modern life has become a battle of Machiavellian wit, rather than of human strength. We have not al-

tered the law of evolution, but we have altered its conditions and deflected its course. Popular selection, instead of producing strong, graceful and delightful persons, produces exceptional, overmentalized and often malign ones. That is the unwholesome tendency of the modern business world, against which we have to guard. It is a tendency that so exaggerates the mental faculties, that they need more than ever before the backing of strong uncompromising moral qualities, and the reinforcement of vigorous physique, if we are to profit by the value of our advancement or realize the happiness to which we aspire. The universal and instinctive enjoyment of outdoor life and exercise is proof of the validity of any claim for wholesome living, and for such education as shall help us to get the utmost physical good, in health and pleasure, out of our possibilities and limitations.

Since we no longer live under the rigorous necessities which produced and determined

our physical powers, in the course of human evolution, it is not to be expected that those powers can be retained unimpaired without wise and deliberate fostering. Our physical development needs our most intelligent care and determined cultivation. In return it cannot but repay our painstaking with added health and sanity and happiness. We must remember, however, that the mere supplying of haphazard exercise, no matter how ample and stimulating, is not alone enough to produce the best results in physical development.

It goes without saying that our customary responsibilities allow little time out of each day for physical recreation pure and simple; ...t even the busiest life offers more possibili- of that sort than is realized, and would gain rather than lose by the utilization of every such opportunity. Then, too, there are best ways of doing all the enforced work one has to do, — best ways of sitting and standing and breathing and moving, so as to get a min...um of detriment and a maximum of bene-

fit from our labour, even though it be drudgery. No labour, however menial, but can be made to yield its quota to our physical well-being, if performed with intelligence and spirit. Drudgery is in the drudge, not in the task.

This is the chief use of physical education, as of all other, to fit us for the performance of necessary work, — no mere training that is made up of incoherent and unrelatable gymnastic diversions, or athletic excesses, but a veritable and beneficent education, as scientific as engineering, as ethical as religion, and as artistic as the best sculpture.

Such an ideal physical training would not, of course, correct all the ills under which we live, but it would certainly go far to help us. Social ideals have to be modified, social institutions reformed, continually, so that life may be kept balanced and sane, — so that the individual may have something like a fair chance for free development of all the human faculties of body, heart, and brain. Our own age

is as much in need of this healthy growth as any other. But quite apart from these considerations of social readjustment, the fact is to be noted that modern life, with its distorted demands, its crazy haste, and its foolish absorption in affairs, is directly responsible for any physical deterioration, and that we can only maintain our normal physical standard of excellence and efficiency by deliberate and adequate care.

Exercise is only the outward modifying circumstance which moulds our physical powers, and must be accurately adjusted to the laws of remedy and growth, in order to yield the best results. It has the inward, living, controlling force of personality to reckon with. Unless we recognize this truth and proceed upon it, all our systems of physical education must remain futile, — as they so largely are. Man's body is the product of evolution, indeed, but that evolution includes also the growth of his spirit and intelligence, which find their only manifestation through his

physical being. Free life in the open may give us opportunity for good motion and fine carriage, but even under the most favourable conditions habitually fine carriage and good motion can only spring from nobility of character. Dignity, grace, dexterity are physical traits, if you will, but they are incompatible with an unintelligent and depraved nature. We have therefore to take into consideration the essential threefold unity of personality in any attempt at education, — the indivisible relation between body-building and character-building. We have to make sure that we are well supplied with dignified and gracious ideals that shall induce and stimulate worthy growth of character, while inspiring and establishing fine habits of plastic motion for its spontaneous expression.

The cultivation of beautiful motion is an avenue to the attainment of great personal loveliness, and is available to all. For grace, that is to say good motion, is one of the most alive and potent sorts of beauty, exercising a

subtle but incalculable influence; and while perfection of form and feature is largely beyond our own control, the charm of pleasing motion, with the improvement in look and bearing which it gives, is almost immediately attainable, and is instantly impressive. We are accustomed to think of a fine carriage as a becoming accomplishment or a fortunate accident; we seldom account it a result of character, — an inevitable expression of individual personality. It does not usually occur to us to interpret what it means, and what traits it indicates. Yet, consciously or unconsciously, it always conveys an impression; and voluntarily or involuntarily, it always betrays character. And, if we wish to cultivate or enhance physical personal beauty, we must inculcate this truth of the close relationship between the physical being and the inward character, and the influence of the one on the other. Beauty is the expression of noble intelligence. Personal charm and grace are the manifestation of fundamental values inherent

in the individual. It is impossible to cultivate personal beauty and physical perfection in ourselves and in the race, without first having ideals of perfection of spirit and understanding. The aid of goodness and truth must always be enlisted to accord with our aims for the achievement and maintenance of beauty, whether in life or art, or personal culture. To build a structure, we must first have a design. Our outward self is built and rebuilt, moment by moment, by our inward self, and is the true expression of our thoughts and emotions; just as the beautiful outward world of nature is created, moment by moment, and is the true expression of a beneficent purposeful energy.

The human body in every tissue and movement is but the living simulacrum of the mind and soul that pervade it. It can never be given a fair and lovely seeming, — dignity and charm and grace, — by any attempt to affect these attributes, since they are spiritual attributes as well as physical, — manifesta-

tions of kindly sincerity, not of selfish artifice. Any body need only be made a plastic and obedient vehicle or medium, faithfully revealing fine spirit and intelligence, in order to realize the utmost physical beauty of which that person is capable, and to gratify the most æsthetic demand.

All motion, whether self-conscious or not, has meaning; and one's bearing — the presence with which one fronts the world — is an irrefutable revelation of oneself. Personal beauty and graceful motion, a charming manner and a musical voice, are valuable powers that may be cultivated and attained in some degree by all, just as health and vigour may be. But they cannot be acquired as mere elegant accomplishments, the affected externals of a fashionable education, to be learned by precept or imitation. So considered, they become nothing more than a transparent veneer over ignorant vulgarity, a sham polish that very badly imitates good breeding. Real gracefulness of bearing,

charm of manner and speech, are truly the "outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace." They give eloquent utterance to significant personality. Being subject to definite natural laws of expression, not to be learned by rote nor taught by rule, they must be developed as normal means of expression, if they are to be acquired at their best; and they must only be exercised as natural avenues of sincere expression if they are to be retained in their legitimate normal freshness. When so acquired and so used, they can never be artificial nor fictitious nor insincere; they are then what they were made to be by nature, spontaneous characteristic traits of the individual, lending him identification, distinction, and magnetism.

To cultivate fundamental means of expression is merely to take care of certain faculties and powers already in our possession, and for which we are responsible. This should constitute a most vital and practical part of any liberal education, since education surely can

have no other aim than this, — to liberate the mind and spirit, to set them free, to put them in possession of their lawful dominions, to help them realize and utilize themselves, to increase still more their growing powers for beneficent influence, so that human personality may reach its happiest normal development. Culture of the body, like culture of the mind, must be a real education of the individual, not the mere acquisition of tricks, if it is to hold its rightful place in educational and general esteem and fulfil the largest measure of its usefulness.

It is the quality of exercise, rather than its quantity, that needs consideration. The attention we give it is perhaps already sufficient in amount; it is requisite that we should see that it is adequate in value also, and that it is rightly related to other branches of personal culture, if it is to be accredited with its legitimate place and importance in any scheme of human improvement.

Voice and motion are primarily faculties

of expression, and can best be cultivated only as such. The laws which govern their use are the laws which govern all art. In the person of the actor they must be brought to perfection and held in readiness to be utilized in his art of characterization. He exemplifies the possibility of making any discrimination between the art of expression and the individual use of our faculties of speech and motion. He reminds us that, while few of us are actors portraying the moods and passions of imaginary characters by deliberate imitation, we are all of us every instant consciously or unconsciously betraying emotions of our own. And the means at our command are precisely the same as his in kind, though in a much less perfect state of development and control. The master of his indubitable art, he makes use of no other media of expression than we. But with his intelligent command of his art he is able to express exactly what he means to express, while we on the other hand, through lack of such control,

through defective education and bad habits of imitation, express much that we would not express, and fail to express much that we think and feel and long to be accredited with. The truth is, no man can speak or move without definitely expressing something; which makes it obviously desirable that expression be educated and devoted to the highest human service.

So inexorable are the laws of expression under which we live and move and have our being, that the tortuous soul can never quite hide any duplicity from the keen observer, nor true nobility be mistaken for pinchbeck. Training in the fundamental principles of expression — the acquiring of good habits of speech and motion, which are two most primary factors in expression — is therefore not only a requisite part of all thorough education of personality, but a constant aid in the difficult matter of maintaining a worthy conduct of life. It tends to make us directly masters of ourselves; it gives us insight into

the thoughts and feelings of others; it vents the springs of generous freedom in ourselves; its principles are built into the foundation of all culture, life, and art.

These are very definite reasons for maintaining that wisely adapted physical education is as much needed for the personality of the artist, the scholar, and the man in the street, as for the athlete. It should be clear enough that no great achievement in art, in science, or in religion, no surpassing stroke of genius, nor any masterly human dealing, can be expected of a puny or perverted people. That in itself is enough justification for scrupulous care and culture of the body. But it is impossible to teach good motion and pure musical tone-production, without thereby evoking and encouraging the growth of fine spirit and clear thinking. Tone and motion can only be pleasing and beautiful when they have sincerity of impulse behind them and through them, and are executed with freedom and skill. It follows inevitably that to instil

and disseminate habits of graceful movement and pleasing speech is to develop through well-chosen exercise such basic qualities as sincerity, dignity, and kindliness in the individual, and honesty, beneficence, and efficiency in the community. The raw, crude, vulgar manners of so many young people, even in grades of society where better things might be expected, are oftentimes attributable quite as much to ill-regulated habits of using the voice and the body, as to any intentional discourtesy. And these blemishes vanish as if by magic under adequate physical education, — a wise and practically selected cultivation of motion and speech. An awkward and slovenly gait, a boorish and unlovely bearing, a strident and repellent voice, forbidding as they are to those who encounter them, may be far more harmful in their reflex influence upon the nerves and temperaments of their unfortunate possessors.

Such considerations as these more than justify a plea for the spread of the best physical

education, training that is not only good for muscles and amusement, but that betters all our effectiveness and satisfaction in life. The evolution of such a standard of education would create a necessity for teachers of such surpassing wisdom and patient skill as are almost nowhere to be found, and would require in those who professed it not only a broad fund of psychological and scientific knowledge, but a distinct genius for the art of their calling, — an art far greater and more consciously creative than it has heretofore been considered.

To such a philosophy of education it cannot seem enough that physical training should be conducted as a separate and optional branch of work, and be relegated to occasional supervision of overspecialized teachers, who, however proficient they may be in gymnastics, are seldom inspired by the broadest culture. All teachers, of whatever subject, should comprehend the principles of such a symmetrical educational ideal, and should be

versed in all of its rudiments at least, so that they may have a wise care of the general well-being of their pupils at all times. It should be considered quite as much the teacher's province to encourage habits of good motion and fine voice as to inculcate orderly behaviour and clean morals. We should fare badly if our only training in ethics were derived from a half-hour's lesson on a Sunday afternoon; just as inadequate for the needs of the growing body must be a half-hour of calisthenics once or twice a week.

It must always be recognized that teaching is one of the greatest arts, as well as one of the noblest professions. It may be claimed that the task of the ideal artist is to make something out of nothing, to disseminate ideals by giving them reality, to increase the sum of happiness in the world, to uphold lofty standards of conduct, to make the god-like powers of goodness and reason prevail against the Titanic forces of ill; but it is hardly appreciated that the task of the ideal

teacher is equally creative and far-reaching. He deals with a spiritual art, moulding plastic personalities to human perfection by his skill, his patience, his insight and his genius. Such incomparable service demands the most comprehensive culture and devotion, and is entitled to the highest honours in the gift of mankind to bestow. Such a teacher is a co-worker in the field with Christ and Buddha and all the supremely unselfish souls who have devoted their lives to the development and betterment of the life of our kind. Not until we recognize and encourage this essential status of teachers, can we expect them to fulfil these ideals, or hope that schooling shall yield the best possible fruits of ideal education.

XX

# The Underglow

## Or, The Value of Instinct

THE value of instinct is its incorruptible honesty. Reason may err and palter and vary and be deceived or overborne; sentiment may grow false and stale; both may be deluded by the shows of circumstance, the force of tradition, the dictates of authority, the voice of calumny, or the mere inertia of habit. But instinct is swerved by none of these things. It was the master of our destinies long ago, when we were first emerging from chaos and oblivion, before reason was achieved or sentiment begotten, playing the part of divinity in our strong, restless, obedient, unconscious

bodies, while as yet error of judgment and sadness of heart were scarcely beginning to be.

In the earlier world instinct taught us to forage for our food, to engender and rear our offspring, to preserve the precious gift of life, to avoid danger, to seek joy, and to conquer fear. Since then, in the long course of evolution, as we have come to call the story of man, the teaching of instinct has been overlaid with a mass of other information, — all the knowledge which awakening mind has discovered, all the lore which the growing emotions have accumulated. Instinct itself has been abandoned, insulted, almost forgotten, and its invaluable guidance set aside. Life has been made so safe, so much a matter of routine and comfort and custom, that our realization of the need of the services of instinct from moment to moment in daily life has fallen into abeyance. We no longer rely upon its fresh and prompt decisions, but refer all perplexities to the slow adjudication of

reason or the uncertain arbitration of the heart.

True, it seems to be the destined aim of sentient life to evolve and perfect these two gifts, the power to think truly and the power to feel deeply; but that is by no means a reason for discountenancing their primitive partner and invaluable helpmate, a keen and active instinct. A little consideration of the subject will show that such a loss must prove fatal not only to the outward physical life of the human being, but to the inward personality itself. In "The Life of Reason," that book full of wise things, Mr. George Santayana says, in dealing with "Reason in Religion," "It is no accident for the soul to be embodied; her very essence is to express and bring to fruition the body's functions and resources. Its instincts make her ideals and its relations her world." And again in the volume on "Reason in Common Sense," "The soul adopts the body's aims; from the body

and from its instincts she draws a first hint of the right means to the accepted purposes."

M. Maeterlinck, with his incomparable insight in such matters, has given a description of instinct in his essay on "The Psychology of Accident," which leaves little more to be said upon the subject, save to reinforce the profound lesson which his penetrating description suggests. He portrays instinct as a humble, tireless drudge, lodged in our mortal tenement, to tend and care for all its more menial necessities, unrecognized for the most part, yet ever ready to spring to our assistance whenever any need arises, rushing instantly to the aid of its slower superior, reason, in moments of peril, and retiring again unrecognized and unencouraged to the obscure corners of its dwelling. In his own words, "The danger once past, reason, stupefied, gasping for breath, unbelieving, a little disconcerted, turns its head and takes a last look at the improbable. Then it resumes the lead, as of right, while the good savage that no one

dreams of thanking, returns in silence to its cave."

We have all passed through that experience of being rescued by our faithful savage, and feel how true this description is, — with what terror we grasp that modest and surest aid, and how nonchalantly we turn from it the moment our panic has subsided. For the cultivator of personality, bent on achieving the most normal self-development, the point is that we pay far too small heed to our savage, and for the most part treat it with culpable and costly neglect and contempt; when in truth it is quite as important to our human happiness as proud reason, which flatters itself it has accomplished such wonders, or fastidious moral spirit, which has had unnumbered temples, churches, shrines, altars, basilicas, cathedrals, mosques, minsters and abbeys built for its indulgence and gratification.

These pampered and sniffy aristocrats are apt to regard their unassuming ally as much too vulgar and anarchistic to be associated

with upon equal terms, and would gladly forget him and his affairs if they could. He must shift for himself, for all they care, and satisfy his own wants and requirements as best he can without any intentional aid from them. This is the prime and monumental fault of civilization, the flaw which all our philosophy of education so far has failed to correct, and which it is our most important business to amend. We have somehow allowed this coolness between savage and angel to grow unchecked, to the great detriment of our human nature. Let us be well assured that we shall in no instance be able to regain or maintain anything like normal perfection until this breach is bridged, and instinct and reason are brought again into fullest legitimate accord. So only can we avert chaotic and otherwise incomprehensible sadness, deterioration, and defeat from the triumvirate of personality, so omnipotent when at peace with itself, so vulnerable when distraught by inharmony and misgovernment.

Instinct, like any other faculty, may be educated and kept growing and strong by exercise and good care, or may be allowed to become inept and useless. Do we give instinct decent care from day to day? Do we not rather follow the modern fashion of discountenancing, repressing, and insulting it, like an unwelcome and unappreciated child? According to popular supposition, instinct is an endowment, something like one of the senses, which we each possess in a definite and unalterable degree. But that notion is wrong. Instinct is not like the hearing or the eyesight, of certain more or less fixed utility in each person. It is more like the mind itself, capable of great development under careful culture or of great deterioration under neglect. By most people instinct is classed with the least spiritual of the senses, among the least noble of the faculties of man, a part of that animal heritage which a false theology has taught us to be ashamed of, but which indeed we must foster and train with every respectful

care, as an ever essential help in human growth.

Instinct is the wisdom of the senses, and the censor of all our wisdom. All the experience of sensation, with its subtle modifications by thought and feeling, through countless generations of life, has gone to the making of that wisdom and been absorbed by the species in its store of animal consciousness and the equipment of that fundamental and indispensable faculty which we call instinct. And all of our higher, later, or more rational knowledge, including our thoughts, aspirations, dreams and conclusions, are almost valueless until they have been weighed and approved by instinct. Reason alone, splendid and daring as it is, is far too erratic, youthful, vain, and visionary to be entrusted with the entire control of our human destiny; it must for safety pay respectful heed to the more deeply sympathetic judgments of instinct.

Instinct cannot become educated unless it is allowed to bear some part in the problems of

living. It is a valuable third judge with reason and intuition, and together, not separately, they direct the affairs of the body, the affairs of the mind, the affairs of the soul, and adjudicate the ultimate welfare of personality. If instinct were thwarted and repressed, and allowed to operate in the sphere of the senses alone, it could not help being stultified and dulled. It is only by being given free scope in the widest range that it can be kept happy, keen, growing, and competent. When instinct is given this fair opportunity, it will be found to develop and serve as wonderfully and widely as either of its fellow faculties of spirit and mind, and to yield its needed quota to the sum of personal happiness and worth.

Instinct must help to govern not only our food and clothing, but our friendships, our antipathies, our vocations, our recreations, our labour, and our love. Few of us know it sufficiently even in its most primal and essential realms. We are so accustomed to eat and dress by rule and custom that we often forget

to consult instinct in the matter, greatly to our disadvantage. How often we eat, not because we are hungry, but because it is meal-time! And how often we eat whatever is most convenient or customary, without consulting our instinctive appetite at all, even when choice is possible and an abundance is at our command. Eating and drinking should never be matters of mere routine or heedless habit, but always of normal sensibility. A certain regularity is not to be despised, but inert habit should never be permitted to override the alert and vital instinct, though habit also has its lawful and beneficial uses. And in the matter of the appetites, it is the instinct for ultimate well-being and satisfaction that is to be consulted; not the momentary proclivity of taste and inclination. Only a few articles of food are universally wholesome and nutritious. Each individuality has its own idiosyncrasies of diet; shell-fish are poison to one, strawberries to another, honey to a third, and so on. These are matters for each one's in-

stinct to learn and heed, as a most elementary lesson in common sense. But a trained and respected instinct will go much further, and will safely guide one's preference at any time for the nurture and protection of the physique, so as to keep it always wholesome and fit.

Instinct, too, might help beneficially to regulate our housing and clothing more than it is allowed to do. We are inclined to wear our clothes according to seasonal traditions and fashions, rather than according to the feel of the weather and our own condition and comfort. A little heed given to our natural monitor would often save us from distressful cold, dangerous overheating, and poisonous asphyxiation; for it will unerringly warn, if only we are accustomed to recognize its signals, the moment we step into the street or crowded car, or lie down to sleep, whether or not we are sufficiently or excessively protected.

Quite as legitimately also is instinct entitled

to its voice in deciding our choice of acquaintances and friends. An instant aversion, an unreasoning but definite antipathy to this person or that, is not as foolish as chaotic charity and commercial common sense would lead us to believe. And we often overpersuade ourselves, against the subtle intimations of instinctive preference, to enter into relationships that turn out disastrously for all concerned, and to attempt friendships that never could be worth while, when, if we had accepted the warning of our genius, we might have avoided much wasteful experiment and dismay. Every personality has its natural antagonisms; it could not otherwise have any individual inclination, insistence, or influence; and it is a waste of power to incur unnecessary contact with these antagonisms. It is the business of instinct to avoid such waste and whatever is inimical to well-being, in the realm of association as in other spheres, — to help us to recognize and select those personalities best suited to stimulate our happy

growth and enjoy in their turn whatever human helpfulness we may possess. It is only on such foundations of honest comprehension, sympathy, and gladdening utility that noble and lasting friendship can be maintained.

So, too, in our work and recreations. This or that play may be very excellent and enjoyable for many persons, and yet not suited to your needs nor mine at the moment. Ibsen, for example, though an admirable dramatist, a keen and beneficent analyst of the ills of the age, may very possibly for you be unpleasantly superfluous; you may already have on your hands, to say nothing of your heart and head, more grievous problems than you can relish; then instinct most wisely bids you away from the theatre where his studies are being presented. Be not deluded by any false sense of intellectual or fashionable obligation into watching his horrors. On the other hand if he gives you what you need, — some help to realize facts, some hint to think of things about you, — obey the impulse that bids you

seek his presentation of human drama, though you have to stand through whole performances. This same *obiter dictum* is true of reading. Let us read nothing that we instinctively dislike; it can do no more good than food for which we have a natural distaste. There is better reading wherever honest taste leads; and as we gain therefrom we soon come to discard the worthless readily enough.

Instinct would make us lords of ourselves, instead of dupes of charlatans and slaves of fashion. The reliance upon instinct relieves one of self-consciousness, because one waits to know its dictates, instead of wondering and worrying. It thus makes for repose and serenity, and liberates us from fussiness, incertitude, and trepidation. To be ashamed of one's instinct is like being ashamed of one's nationality; it may be desirable or undesirable, but to be ashamed of it is least desirable of all. Instinct is a most democratic faculty, endowing us with a sort of universal language or free-masonry intelligible to people of

every race and condition. At the same time it lends distinction and charm to any personality. Habitual response to instinctive impulse gives an air of high-bred courage to conduct by taking away the appearance of hesitancy and calculation. When reason is endorsed by comfortable assurance of instinct, there is a resulting gladness that no fantasies of unsubstantiated reason can hope to attain. It is instinct that pronounces indisputable judgment on the value of erudite opinion and the worth of varied experience.

XXX

# The Lucky Pilot

## Or, The Guidance of Reason

WE may exclaim with the sturdy English poet, if we will,

> "I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul,"

and still find our craft in troublous places and sorry plight, if we persist in considering captaincy all sufficient for smooth sailing. The captain, while he is in responsible command of his ship, is not the only person of importance in its service. In clear sailing on a deep-sea course he may wield undisputed sway; in dangerous channels and among unfamiliar

soundings he must pass his command to a pilot. It is the business of that functionary to be better acquainted with the perils and intricacies of his locality than the high-sea captain need be, and to keep the craft from disaster, not from lack of seamanship but from lack of knowledge.

The simile may be applied to human beings. The primacy of the spirit is incontestable, but the necessity for reason is incontestable also. Not only must every personality be captained by its soul, it must also be piloted by its own intelligence. Whatever course the untutored will may wish to venture upon needs to be examined, adjudged and steered by the understanding. Reason deals with our affairs in a strictly practical fashion. It ruthlessly revises our dreamful purposes and ideals, with regard to their possibility or practicability of accomplishment in this very real world. Our captain soul would have us sail on and on into some beautiful and alluring glory, where all seems fair and innocent, when

perhaps wiser reason must come to the rescue and warn us of some sunken reef directly in our path.

The soul is guileless and unsuspecting, and seems to be native to a land that knows no sorrow nor disappointment, no accident nor evil, and to be experienced only in an eternity of truth and beauty and goodness. Left to its own devices, it would soon and often come to disaster on the shores of this world's life. It needs the more canny reason to come constantly to its aid in all issues of its daily course. In a state of ideality, we may imagine that the soul might require neither chart nor pilot, but could sail on its glorious way unthreatened by obstructing facts. When it came to take upon itself mundane existence, however, it needed some defence against the world's fatalities, and so reason evolved to be its guide and friend.

The spirit of man with all its soaring and radiance is unsophisticated, unadapted to its earthly environment, and through the best ef-

fort of a long lifetime only begins to learn the lesson of wise procedure among its daily concerns. With this difficult task to accomplish, we can ill afford to overlook or slight any possible means of advantage, and yet we recklessly ignore and defy reason's splendid help, and allow it to deteriorate day by day. It has been said that if all the world could stop simultaneously for five minutes and reasonably consider the real values of life, it would thereupon be immediately and wholly converted to good. Human welfare is less in need of new facts than of renewed habit and growth of power in utilizing rationally and fully those already at our command. The wisdom of the cheerful woodsman who knows little beyond the facts and uses of his habitat is of greater human value than the encyclopedic and chaotic information of the world-wanderer, who with all his smattering cannot make life seem worth while anywhere. The manipulation of knowledge and of spirit proves their worth, not the mere possession of

them. And reason is our supreme manipulator. Plans approved by reason are the only ones worthy all the skill that execution and devotion can acquire.

When effort is thus put forth under the careful guidance of reason, there is no such thing as its coming to nought, even though the reason be faulty and the art faltering. The very rightness of the process accomplishes something, if only in strengthening the habit of trying in the best way. How much tardy, painstaking and misguided diligence, how much befogged aspiration and benighted discontent, may be avoided by simply using our pilot honestly and opportunely. The sad fallacy that reason is incompatible with inspiration, detrimental to genius, and antagonistic to art, has led us far astray in our search for happiness and beauty, and has grievously retarded human growth and gladness.

As the time for a pilot's service is at the beginning and the close of a voyage, so the most serviceable time for reason's help is at

the beginning and the end of an undertaking. When we have once fully embarked upon a venture, it is mere childishness to cry for help, to wish we had taken thought sooner, or to hesitate in indecision. Main considerations must be weighed before setting sail; and the sum of wisdom may be profitably reckoned afterward; but while we are in the midst of endeavour there is little time for successful calculation.

Happiness is never the result of mere well-meaning. The best intention can achieve no satisfaction for itself, save through the aid of intelligence and skill. Our utmost longing for felicity will prove for ever futile, unless we can supplement it with some command of circumstance, some power to control conditions and to fashion procedure to our will; and this we can never do without promptitude and clarity of understanding and judgment. Pure volition is incapable of achievement, a feckless entity without mind or force, if such a thing be conceivable.

To the sincere and eager student bent upon finding a genuine solution of the difficult problem of self-culture or the making of personality, it must surely appear that no over-specialized development can make for perfection, but that we must foster our triune individuality with impartial care. Under our present educational ideals there is little danger of mentality being neglected. In fact our system concerns itself almost wholly with training the mind; and with that aim in itself one can find no fault. It would be wrong to say that any intelligence can be overcultivated, or that there can be any danger of being over-educated. There is very great danger, however, — indeed there is every evidence, — that culture and personality may be overmentalized. Many a person has been given exercise of the mind out of all proportion to that bestowed either upon the physique or the spirit, to the sorry undoing of the personality as a living whole. Of higher education in its best and symmetrical sense no one can have too

much; but of mere book knowledge and mental training, which is almost all that our educational system offers, one may easily have a disproportionate amount. The highly educated person, in our usual understanding of the term, is proverbially inept and inefficient, less well fitted for the task of securing and disseminating a creditable degree of happiness in life than many an illiterate but better balanced man or woman. The developing of any one of the three phases of human nature, at the expense of the others, must inevitably lead to such undesirable result; and while our present standards of education may make scholars, they will never make the happiest possible human beings. To that end, education must include a commensurate recognition and culture of physical and spiritual values, in the assurance that the mind itself cannot reach even its own finest growth, unless furthered in its progress by a refreshing spirit and an invigorating body.

Inasmuch as the chief concern of life seems

to be the evolving and training of personalities, it would seem sensible to make our mental training such as will readily and efficiently serve all requirements that body, mind, or spirit may make upon it; to bring our intellectual culture to bear upon the hourly problems of living and the securing of happiness; to pursue our cherished schemes with successful intelligence; in short, to make reason count for its utmost aid not only in the sphere of thought but in all the affairs of daily health and gladness.

The setting aside of intellectual life as a mere refuge from the difficulties of practical well-being and well-doing, the withdrawing ourselves into the enchanted kingdoms of pure science, and the turning of our responsibilities away from all the hard problems which beset every hour, is only a begging of the question of wisdom. The life of a scholarly recluse, absorbed in his own intellectual preferences, may be excused with specious arguments, but it may also be criticized as a shirking of the

main issues of individual conduct, of evading the difficulties in the way of securing some form of that healthy, helpful, and joyous life which constitutes the first dignity of man. Whatever gratification it may bring to the scholar himself, it offers no solution of the universal difficulty of best living. The bookworm is as helpless as the monk, when it comes to offering any effective aid to confused humanity in its task of finding out how to make success and happiness out of the materials at hand. Moreover, neither of them reaches his own best possible development through that method of self-absorbed devotion to a single phase of existence. The scholar in his knowledge and the hermit in his sanctity are as far from the ideal of normal manhood as the man of many millions under his burden of stocks and bonds. Learning and sanctity are of vast value, but they are of immediate concern to you and me only in so far as they can be made to illumine and better human life as we have to live it to-day and here. What the soul and

mind might accomplish under other conditions cannot profitably concern us at all, but what they can do to help us in any present place and hour is vital. Their only comprehensible value and obligation is to enrich and advance the interests of normal personality in its arduous progress toward perfection.

For every one, then, the question is not, How much can I know, but How can I make such intelligence as I have help life to the utmost. Perhaps in nothing is defection at this point more general and more astonishing than in the all-desirable art of keeping well. What can be more important than to know how to care for one's health and safeguard it against impairment? And yet how many of us have any adequate understanding of the matter, any habit of using such hygienic knowledge as we may possess, or even any conviction that the matter comes within the range of our responsible control? We are accustomed to squander health without heed, and without even an effort to realize how little

rational care it would take to preserve our energy from undue depletion and disease. When sickness overtakes us we rush to a physician, and when the emergency is past we blunder on as before, without a moment's rational thought given to prevent a recurrence of the disaster.

In these days sickness is a disgrace. But we are so fond of considering it a visitation of the will of God, emotionalizing over its woes, and indulging in an irrational religious sentimentalism concerning them, that we can hardly bring our common sense, actual knowledge, and reasonable skill to bear upon the question. Doctors are not wholly to blame if they devote more time to palliating ailments than to maintaining health. Most patients "enjoy poor health," prefer pity to fair play, and demand to be helped by some remedy they do not understand rather than by any rational prevention. If serious people actually realize what detrimental clothing does to human welfare, how can they ever condone it? If they

once fully comprehended the benefits of a rational attention to diet, to dress, to ventilation, to exercise, to normal walking, talking, and breathing, to tonic bathing and to sleep, what would become of sickness and premature death?

The gain to be derived from including the guidance of reason in spiritual matters fills the churches of those teachers and preachers who are liberal enough to try the experiment. Many a sound moral lesson would be received gladly were it reinforced with appreciable reason rather than with appeals to discredited dogmas and an impossible faith in unrealities. The world is no longer to be ruled by fanaticism and superstition at the expense of its growing intelligence. And this does not mean that religion is to be belittled nor done away; it rather means that it is to be honoured the more, — its uses made more and more sane and beautiful in conformity with the growth of standards of goodness in the world.

We are accustomed to mistake love for a

wholly supernatural or subnatural matter, and to yield to it as to an emissary from Divinity, beyond the province of rational guidance or control. And yet from the multitudinous mistakes that are made in love's name, it would seem that in no other realm of life is the wise piloting of reason more necessary. The tragic plight of this spiritual domain may perhaps be due far less to any flaw in the quality of modern feeling or any shortage of means for its perfection, than to the wilful exclusion of reason from all of its procedure. Those who set out on voyages of loving companionship, perhaps the most difficult of all adventurings, should hardly expect propitious sailing without chart or pilot.

In care of our pilot reason we may embark safely not only for ultimate worthy achievement, but immediately upon orderly tides of thought, where, as in the realm of music, beauty and joy are unconstrained, — the most easily attainable region where perfect happiness is to be found. But our greatest triumphs

in the art of living will come from following the lead of our best rationality in cheerful and painstaking contest against the forces of adversity, desolation, and despair, and in making upon earth a home for the unextravagant ideal.

XV

# The Winged Victory

## Or, The Power of Poise

"THE human body is adapted to the expression of conscious will, and this is freedom. The perfect subordination of the body to the will is gracefulness. It is this which constitutes the beauty of classic art: to have every muscle under perfect obedience to the will — unconscious obedience — so that the slightest inclination or desire of the soul, if made an act of the will, finds expression in the body."

Dr. T. W. Harris, in his orderly and luminous work on Psychologic Foundations of Education, uses these suggestive words in

discussing the harmonious beauty of the art of sculpture as perfected by the Greeks. They might well serve as a compendium of philosophy for students of expression, body training, and general development, so concisely and clearly do they embody the essential truth underlying all art. And he adds this memorable sentence, which ought to become a watchword with all teachers of physical education, and indeed with all teachers in all branches of education who are worthy of their great profession: "The soul is at ease in the body only when it is using it as a means of expression or action."

There we have in plain terms the secret not only of the principles of art in general and of the art of physical self-expression in particular, but the secret of their relation to intellectual and spiritual education as well. There surely can be no true culture that leaves the soul ill at ease. It is not enough to train the understanding and fill the mind with stores of knowledge. Both mind and

spirit must be given free and adequate exercise of their natural functions, and opportunity for worthy expression and reinforcement of their powers. Thus only can the inner life with its lawful desire for activity be allowed proper and beneficial scope and range, — thus only can the soul be made at ease in the body. This must become the purpose of all culture, and it cannot be accomplished by mental or moral training alone.

The body which the soul inhabits is more than a mere tenement, it is an essential property of the soul, the exponent and purveyor of the mind, the outer aspect of personality, the art medium for the manifestation of spirit and intelligence; and it requires just as careful consideration, just as wise education, and just as high perfection of technique as its associate powers of thought and feeling. To educate the human being, — to give it the confidence, the delight, the satisfaction, the power and repose and legitimate perfection which the best culture can bring, — care

must be taken to place at the disposal of every lovely spirit and brilliant mind a worthy, sensitive, and capable body, and to provide each individual, so far as possible, with its own appropriate physical means of activity and enjoyment.

In a symmetrical cultivation of all our powers, in a balanced exercise of all our faculties, the volatile treasure of personal happiness is most likely to be found. If we indulge a thirst for knowledge irrespective of all other considerations, — at the expense of health, kindliness, and comeliness, — we are doomed to find our acquisition of learning an unwieldy and disappointing encumbrance. Such unmodulated knowledge can never become wisdom, but must remain mere information, bookish pedantry, or mechanical cleverness. All such lore can avail as little as untrained thews and endurance avail a dunce. We can never be personally well equipped with only one-third or two-thirds of developed being, but must compass the

ideal of a triune balance and symmetry of excellence, as the only adequate measure of perfection for every individual who is mentally, emotionally, and physically endowed. It is good to be athletic; it is good to be scholarly; it is good to be honourable, patient, loving, and helpful. It is not best to be an ignorant athlete; it is not best to be a dyspeptic bookworm; it is not even best to be an unhuman fanatic. Unillumined brutality, selfish insatiable curiosity and vanity of mind, and intolerant righteousness, are all equally unlovely. It is obviously best to be a man, with the strength and understanding and honour of a man.

Ethical culture, mental culture, physical culture, each is excellent and all are necessary, but no one of them will suffice, indeed no two of them can satisfy without the third. Only in harmonious and well-balanced cooperation can they further that highest personal development, that supreme reach of ideals and growth, which may be the aim of

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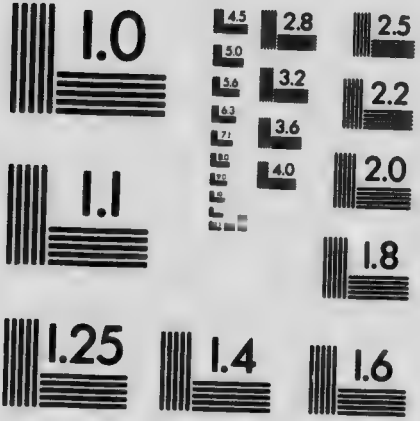

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any one of them. All three are of equal dignity, importance, and delight, and no one of them can attain its best efficiency without the aid of the others to inspire and guide and reinforce it. More than that, their spheres, which seem so different, are really not distinct nor separable, and each must continually either cripple or complement the others. The soul, the centre and source of volition, with its perceptions and aspirations, ever leading in the progress to perfection, needs to be closely seconded by intelligent guidance and carried to the fullest achievement by adequate skilful execution. We need never imagine that spiritual attainments can be successfully forced at the expense of the guides and servants of the spirit, the intellectual and physical powers. We must care before we can know, and we must know before we can do; nor may we even be content with caring and with knowledge, until we add to them well-skilled effort toward the realization of our ideals. In no other way can we develop

and appreciate and enjoy the power of personal poise.

The practical advantage of poise and its chiefest sanction is the opportunity it affords for spiritual precedence, for proving the primacy of the will and the fortunate preferences of the soul. It makes a vantage from which the best may be attempted, a starting-point from which the avenues to the fairest good are seen to radiate, a condition from which life may spring normally to its finest stature. Poise endows us with power to stop and consider, to use our intelligence and judgment, and so improve through every contingency. Habitual poise is the essential prerequisite of freedom for happy endeavour and satisfactory growth.

A conception of the value of personal poise as the worthiest ideal of education was emphasized by Cecil Rhodes in founding his Oxford scholarships. It has been instinctively felt by students themselves as a legitimate need of aspiring human nature, but it

has not yet had such general authoritative recognition as it deserves. Rhodes helped to give it practical currency and prestige. In effect his great gift is a criticism of our incomplete system, and points the direction in which mediæval standards of culture are to be enlarged. It calls for men in whom scholarship is to be supplemented by corresponding physical and spiritual excellence. It demands poise of character rather than excess of learning. It is a strong, successful man's endorsement of the ideal of personal poise.

If personal poise — the symmetrical developing and perfecting of all our capacities in the building of character — could be made a widely accepted ideal of culture, it would do more than any specific social revolution to ensure greater happiness for all mortals.

Is not such a valuation of poise really the underlying principle we try to reach in all attempts to simplify living? Is not the satisfaction we feel in any such simplification really a satisfaction at finding ourselves re-

stored to a normal poise? Are not our lives apt to be unsatisfying because they are partial and ill balanced, excessive in some directions and falling short in others? The simple life cannot be a worthy ideal if it is to mean a meagre and insufficient life, but only if it is to mean an undistorted and well-balanced one. Perfect poise seems simple, because it is so unperplexing and wholly satisfying. To simplify living is only advantageous and beneficial in so far as it permits a richer and freer and more complete enjoyment of the few pursuits which are vital and worth while. Our average life, particularly our average city life, is apt to be overwrought and ill-regulated, as we all know. To return to simpler conditions would not be to impoverish human experience, but to enrich it; we should gain in health, in merriment, in leisure, in wisdom and length of days; we should lose only our anxieties, our ailments, our ill-tempers, and our debts. There can hardly be r[illegible] for choice. But such a return, let us

remember, can only be successful if it is carried out in conformity with the ideal of personal poise, and with the threefold needs of personal life constantly in mind. A life somewhat nearer to the earth than we live now could hardly fail to be more vigorous, more delightful, more normal. Instead of sensational criminality, frenzied ambition, and fashionable artificiality, we should be able to acquire something of sincerity, comeliness, and kindly joy.

Slowly but certainly the truth of this ideal is coming to be recognized. The need for such a standard is felt in innumerable ways, though as yet we may not definitely discern its import. The restless spirit of the patient world, always seeking the best, has been driven from one extreme point of view to another in the long course of history, confused by the clamour of the senses, the cry of the soul, and the insatiable curiosity of the imperious mind. Must we not believe that it is in some fortunate hour to find the ideal which

shall make possible the harmonizing of its seemingly divergent aims and expedients? What if the ideal of symmetrical development and normal personal poise should prove just the saving principle it seeks?

As poise serves as a happy criterion of excellence of personality, and a most advantageous standard of culture, so in physical training, physical poise provides us with the only adequate standard of physical beauty and efficiency. Such an ideal implies the equal development and control of every portion of the body, the culture and maintenance of its every perfection, and the habitual use of all its powers in harmonious accordance with the most effective and economic laws of motion and growth. To be able to attain such poise, the body must be made strong and free, must be fostered in a symmetrical growth, and above all must be considered as the inseparable manifestation of the informing mind and the indwelling spirit. Moreover physical poise can only be attained

through the ideal of personal poise. The first physical need of the natural man is for exercise, but for us moderns there is one thing even more needed than exercise, and that is bodily emancipation. It is evident that the body must have freedom to stretch and readjust itself in every direction before it can poise itself normally and adapt its poise to any and all conditions.

We speak of the mechanism of the human body, with its many joints and levers, its compensations and balances, and its complicated movements, but we must beware of considering it too exclusively as a machine. It is so far more subtle, significant, and adaptable than any mere mechanical contrivance, so sensitive, so variable, and so intelligent. There is infinite ingenuity in these human mechanisms, but there are preference and sensibility and responsibility as well, all within an almost incredible frailty allied with amazing strength. Our bodies have many of the characteristics of a machine, but they have also

many of the traits of a self-active intelligence, and must be treated accordingly.

The admirable structure of the animal skeleton serves, indeed, to lend rigidity to the body, but it also serves for points of attachment of elastic muscles whose express purpose is to modify that rigidity, just as our senses modulate our thought. The muscular system, under the guidance of instinct, seeks to secure the safety of the individual by not opposing the manifold casualties of existence with an unyielding solidity, and by interposing an ever-ready flexibility that lessens shock and avoids breakage, enabling us to pass tolerably well through a world of insensate opposition, of stress and resistance and friction.

Power to spring from the ground and ali[illegible]ain without fracturing ourselves is a [illegible]ge we share with our four-footed br[illegible] of the field. In jumping they do not light on rigid heels with straightly stiffened legs, like a table dropped from a window. A fox goes over a wall as lightly as a drift

of snow, and even an elephant, for all his huge bulk, seems to move as softly as a mould of jelly. Though few of us can be as graceful as foxes, we may all avoid cruel shocks by alighting on the muscular balls of the feet with spread toes and flexed knees. The impetus of the body may thus be stopped gradually, considerately, without violence, almost without impact, by the intervention of muscular alertness, strength, and elasticity, under voluntary adequate control. All poise and every movement of our bodies should have something of the pliancy and ease of the great cats, those paragons of grace with their soft, undulating strength, their powerful quiescence, and noiseless activity.

It almost goes without saying that in order to move well, one must first breathe well, sit well, stand well. To stand well, there are two things chiefly necessary, first, that the chest should be carried well up and forward, and second that the weight should balance pliantly over the balls of the feet and spread

toes, — a spirited, intelligent, adaptable body on an adequate base of support.

The question of good breathing is so closely related to proper carriage that the two can scarcely be considered separately. It is hardly possible to breathe well while sitting or standing or lying improperly, and it is not practicable habitually to stand properly without breathing well. Good breathing, like fine carriage, requires that the chest should be habitually upheld and automatically carried by the well-developed chest muscles as high as is comfortable, that the great life-giving lungs may have room for their utmost utility. And this condition must be maintained whether one is sitting, standing, walking, running, dancing, talking, reading, or working, in fact through every hour of life. Particular care must be taken not to thrust up the chest by overinhaling, nor by holding the breath, nor by raising the shoulders, nor by making the rib muscles tense, nor yet by an undue bending backward of

the spinal column at the small of the back. The forward carriage and uplift of the chest must be secured by exercising the pull and hold of the muscles of the chest and back of the neck, the stretch of the rib muscles, and by swaying the whole body forward from foot to crown, with a very slight mobile forward bend at the hips. And even these directions must be taken with discretion. The backbone is not a ramrod; and the fashion of pulling the hips back and pushing the chest forward with perfectly rigid spine, as if the body were only jointed at the waist, is as unlovely as any other abnormal posture. The human body is not a flail, with only one joint in the middle. At its best it is as flexible as a whip.

> "Light and lithe as a willow wand,
> She danced, and the monarch held her hand,"

embodies the ideal of graceful poise; and to attain it, gymnastics for poise must be taught and practised until the muscles grow so fitted

and used to their task that good carriage becomes an unconscious habit.

Other requirements of good breathing need not be detailed here, further than to say that the throat and entire trunk should be kept wholly unrestricted and mobile, ready for automatic or well-controlled service. The whole body from nose to lower abdomen is needed to command the best breathing, and must be given strong free play at all points in order to be fully serviceable. This point is so important that one of the first and last words of physical culture to-day must be, Breathe well. This accompanies the other two injunctions, Poise well, and Move worthily.

Poise should never be mistaken as synonymous with pose or immobility. It is simply balance, the most advantageous natural adjustment, to be infinitely modified and utilized whether we are in motion or at rest. It is the normal state of all being. For convenience we may distinguish three different

kinds of poise: static poise, as in a tripod; dynamic poise, as in the position of the Flying Mercury or a runner at the start; and kinetic poise, as of a bird in the air. The difference between them is, of course, only a question of adaptation, — transitional and not fundamental; and it will be seen that one melts into the other insensibly at need. But the discrimination helps us to realize that under no condition is perfect physical poise unavailable nor unimportant, nor to be disregarded without serious disadvantage.

That there is only one way to stand is of course not true. Poise must suit its conditions. The identical poise that befits a piano-mover will not serve the dancer. The golfer and the Japanese wrestler must stand differently. For all that, there is a normal poise for the standing human figure, which gives the maximum stability, combined with a maximum latitude for swaying without loss of balance, and from which transitions may most easily be made to meet whatever de-

mands may arise. This one way of standing is generally more economically serviceable than others and therefore more beautiful; while there are many ways which are awkward and injurious and essentially unlovely. Good poise is a matter of utilizing the most serviceable base of support without sacrificing supple ease and readiness for action.

The best alert standing position is the one which affords the body the surest and easiest support, and at the same time the greatest freedom and facility for prompt effective movement in any direction. The position which oftenest and best serves this double purpose is one in which the weight is upheld and forecarried over the ball of one foot, while the other foot is dropped a little back, resting lightly to help balance and ready to swing forward at need, the knees being slightly flexed and never thrown flatly back. The heel of the forward foot carries almost none of the weight, merely touching the ground to help the balance. The heel of the

idle foot is clear of the ground altogether. The balls of the feet are not much more than the length of a foot apart. The weight may be swayed occasionally from the ball of one advanced foot to the ball of the other, advanced in turn, or for rest or greater static strength it may be held equally between the balls of the two feet, in which case far greater solidity of poise is secured. This is the basis of physical poise in which the maximum supple stability consistent with general alertness is attained. This "normal poise" will be found most economic and untiresome, giving amplest latitude for the body to sway without toppling, and at the same time permitting it to get into motion easily and without agitation. Since it is so serviceable an adjustment, it is as a natural consequence a graceful one.

A distinctive requisite of good living poise is that the weight of the body should be carried lightly, with elation, with spirit, with elasticity. Our legs, in readiness for action,

are not stilts nor posts made to shore us up above the earth. They are obedient flexible springs, powerfully hinged at hip and knee and (with the most powerful spring of all) at the ankle. This special mechanism, particularly the great contractile spring in the calf of the leg, which plies the ankle hinge, is intended to cushion the impacts of the body and let it ride springily and comfortably hither and thither. To get this advantage from it, we must use the mechanism properly, bringing our muscles into play and keeping them voluntarily under control, in sitting and standing as well as in walking. Whenever the body is upright, its muscles must be on active duty, supporting or moving it. Muscles need not be tense in order to be in control, but they must be alive and ready for service. They must keep the body balanced and prepared for motion. In standing, this can only be done when control of the weight is shared by the muscles of the foot as well as by those of the leg and trunk. When the

weight is thrust down through the rigid bones of the leg upon the heel, in a lazy attempt to shirk muscular exertion, there can be no suppleness of poise, no softness of tread, no elegance of carriage, no ease nor magnetism of motion.

It is true that many persons have not strength enough in the foot and ankle to stand and walk normally without undue fatigue; but this weakness is itself the result of long habits of imperfect carriage and inferior motion. Inefficiency is the inevitable result of misuse or disuse. If we were taught correctly in childhood, if we never used artificial heels, but gave our ankles and toes the training of natural free exercise, and transmitted the results to our children, we should soon all have the strength of leg and foot that we were designed to have. We should all enjoy a distinct gain in general vigour, and a coveted access of usefulness and beauty.

In contrast with beautiful normal poise of the human figure, many bad poses are preva-

lent, in which the body is not in poise at all. Modern sculpture as well as the modern drawing-room is full of them. Particularly unfortunate is the posture, very common in society, on the stage, in dancing, and even in plastic art, wherein the weight is rested entirely on the heel or flat of one foot, with the supporting knee sprung back and the idle leg thrust forward. The body is almost in unstable equilibrium. A touch would tip it backward. At the same time it is quite unprepared for action. Before locomotion can take place in any direction, the protruded leg must be drawn in, stable equilibrium reestablished, and muscular control regained. It is not only a most uneconomic position, but an unattractive and ill-meaning one as well.

Man is neither quadrupedal nor winged; he is aspiring though not wholly detachable from the good solid ground. He is buoyed and swayed by emotions impalpable as the wind, and yet he is inescapably related to the

sure foundations of material needs. He stands on the earth, this figure of glowing clay, inspired with the uplifting breath of the infinite. At his best he is well poised between two realms. We feel this harmony of adjustment in every gracious and worthy presence wherein the perfection of poise is achieved. It is one of the supreme triumphs of art. Only think how gloriously the Winged Victory takes the eye! How easily she is victorious! Her splendid breast is upborne by lofty inspiration which carries her forward with fluttering robes, light-footed, unwavering, rejoicing almost with the freedom of the winged creatures of the air, an incomparable apparition of triumphant gladness. Of all the shapes of clay fashioned by man, her poise is the noblest and most inspiring. She lifts our drooping spirits to new endeavour, to larger hope, to heights of incredible daring. And the Flying Mercury, how good is his potent poise! The magic of those winged sandals touches the spirit of

every beholder, and we are carried away like children under the spell of the fabulous old legend of the messenger god, master of speed, conqueror of space and time, the prototype of modern ambition. As the divinity who presided over commerce, too, he would have an especial interest for our day; but while we emulate his swiftness and shrewdness, perhaps only too well, let us remember his delicacy of bearing and his exquisite poise, as he hangs with balanced feet light as a swallow on a slant of wind.

In daily life, too, how good it is to see fine poise, and alas, how rare! How it catches every eye in the street, in the drawing-room, upon the stage! It is the basis of fine personal influence, the foundation of enduring beauty, the centre from which powerful impressiveness must radiate. A large part of that strange personal potency which we call magnetism is the direct and inevitable result of fine poise, — the victory of the "happy chest."

While personal magnetism is primarily a spiritual power and has its source in the soul, it yet must find its avenues of expression through the body. And it is the breast that is peculiarly the abode of the spirit. It is in the upper part of the body, between the diaphragm and the head, that the two great ceaseless life-sustaining functions are carried on, — the come and go of the vital breath, and the frail but enduring rhythm of the heart. It is in the breast that the evidences of emotion and passion are first made manifest, — in the quickened heart-beat and perturbed breathing, — whether we be moved by love or sudden indignation, by terror or remorse.

This region of the breast with its accessories, the arms, in distinction from the head, which is the seat of the brain and mind, and in distinction from the lower body where the animal operations of nutrition, reproduction, and locomotion are carried on, is eminently

the emotional realm, and was called by Delsarte, "The zone of honour."

"A man of heart," we say, meaning one of generous and kindly spirit. The breast is almost a synonym for the dwelling-place of love and hate, of hope and fear and courage. It is on our mother's breast that we first learn tenderness and the welling power of the feelings. It is to our breast that we gather all that is most cherished in life. It is to the breast of our benignant mother earth, as we call her, that we ourselves are gathered at last. Hand may touch hand in acknowledging acquaintanceship; the arm may circle the shoulder in friendship; but in deepest love the breast receives the cherished head of the beloved.

It is this fact, — that the breast is the centre of our spiritual and expressive nature, — that makes good carriage of the chest so impressive and so important. Though you meet me eye to eye, and offer me specious conversa-

tion, — promises or threats, — if your chest is sunken, I feel there is a lack of heart in your assurances. But if your chest is bravely forecarried and upborne, I can have no doubt of the conviction and determination and well-intentioned sincerity behind it. If a nurse enters a sick-room, walking on her heels, with head and abdomen protruded, while her chest is a mere hollow between her shoulders, who can imagine that she could ever inspire the least hope or cheer in any patient? I have seen a very capable actress, in the rôle of Melisande, attempt to enlist the interest of her audience in the spiritual plight of that character, and fail utterly to win sympathy, simply because she never once lifted her chest through the whole performance. For the sunken chest means more than physical weakness; it means moral dejection, discouragement, cowardice, and defeat, as the lifted chest means not only strength, but elation, courage, confidence, kindliness, and hope.

The sunken chest, which is the indication

of the dispirited weakling, may evoke pity; it can hardly elicit interest or sympathy. We sympathize willingly and readily with the noble in misfortune, but for the ignoble there must always be a reserve in our commiseration. Whoever would not appear ignoble and risk actually becoming so, must ever present a brave, happy breast to the world. Since we are spiritual beings, it is respectful and generous that we should meet spirit to spirit, that we should show our best selves to one another.

If I meet a stranger, I am glad to have him approach me with so gracious and dignified a bearing that I must instinctively rise to receive him. If he struts toward me throwing forward his stomach and feet first, I am naturally not attracted to him. I wish to meet the man, not his legs and digestion; nor should I be more pleasantly prepossessed if he came toward me with the shiftless walk and protruded head of the absorbed and overmentalized person. In either case I perceive

he is more concerned with himself than with others, and is not happily infused with the great universal breath of the spirit, which is common to all men, and which alone vitalizes every interest and sustains and ennobles life.

The importance of a good carriage, therefore, is not only a matter of health and economy and grace in motion; it is quite as much a matter of personal influence and obligation. A well-poised body, while expressing a well-poised character, reacts in turn on that character to help and enrich the whole personality. To bear oneself with grace and kindly dignity is to foster and breed graciousness and self-respect, as well as to disseminate them.

"The soul is at ease in the body only when it is using it as a means of expression or action." So when art would embody in beauty the idea of triumph without weariness, of glad elation untouched by envious defeat, of high intelligence overcoming the barbarous and base, — when it would add to the fairest

human loveliness some hint of superhuman power and dominion over a region more vast than earth, — it created the Victory of the Wings, to be a lasting signal before our wondering eyes, and an incentive to that dignity of bearing which we behold only in the rarest personalities.

V

# The Silver String

## Or, Personal Vibrancy

It is evident that in the making of personality the acquirement of poise is not enough. The advice of the Latin poet, that we should preserve an equal mind in the midst of difficulties, is excellent; but equanimity, even an ideal equilibrium of all our powers, is hardly a sufficient goal for human endeavour. We are not aspirants of a passive and crystalline perfection, but must find our satisfactions in activity, in achievement, in human intercourse and relationships. We take more pleasure in modifying life, in mingling with the tumultuous business of the world, in leav-

ing some traces of our impress upon the events of the great human drama, than in any isolation of self, however learned or holy. The most blameless character must be doing, if it would be glad. This is one of the unquestionable laws.

To be poised is not to be immobile always, for there is poise of motion as well as of rest. For a mortal to cease from growth, from action, from exertion, is to cease from enjoyment and to begin to decline and perish. Poise is only the springboard of performance, the *pou sto* of the Greek mathematician, from which we may move the world. It is a prerequisite of personal happiness and power, the very acme of education, and yet not a sufficient end in itself, — a most desirable condition of being, but by no means the ultimate concern of creation. The supreme artistry of the cosmos in which we share, calls for initiative and toil as well as for the duty of self-perfection and repose. We may well direct all the efforts for culture to the attain-

ment of poise, but the object of culture after all is only preparatory, — to put our energies in the happiest condition for accomplishing ideal ambitions and practical purposes in the world. To be well poised is indeed a first necessity, but to rest content with poise is to be already touched with death.

The personality without poise is baffled, chaotic, blundering, and unhappy in its own bewildered inefficiency, no matter how furiously it may strive. But the personality in which poise has been secured is already on the threshold of felicity, and may pass at one step into the region of happy experience. Whatever mischance may come to it, whatever natural sorrow may visit it with grief, no irrevocable disaster can befall such a one. Yet with all the universe in flux, man cannot stand still; and the individual being must maintain its poise from moment to moment, from deed to deed, balancing and rebalancing for self-preservation amidst the opposing tides of force.

But every personality is itself endowed with force, with power, with preference and intelligence. It cannot endure to be merely passive, but must energize in order to be happy. As poise is a normal state of being, of the personality, and a natural ideal for it, no less so is achievement. Achievement at touch of need springs from poise as inevitably as circling ripples spring from the placid surface when a pebble is cast into a still pool. Sometimes a single little seed of suggestion dropped into the brooding mind is enough to start a lifelong train of consequent activities. If the personality be unpoised and ruffled, then the circles of widening influence are confused and broken and dissipated.

It is no vague figure of poetic fancy to speak of personal rhythm, or to say that every personality, like every violin, is possessed of a marked vibratory character peculiar to itself, which is indeed the index of its excellence, the measure of its power, and the means of carrying its communications across

the gulfs of space. Just as violins differ in make and timbre, personalities differ in poise and vibrancy. Timbre is the peculiar quality revealed in execution, unique in every instance. Personal vibrancy is the peculiar inseparable quality of the individual, which reveals itself not only in characteristic motion and speech, but also in that mysterious form which almost defies analysis, and yet accomplishes with infinite subtlety the expressive and impressive purposes of the personality as effectively as the most unmistakable gesture or tone. If the wonderful timbre of an old Cremona cannot be duplicated nor explained, how can we hope to define this essential vibrancy inherent in the personalities of men? The one depends, we say, upon the fibre of the wood, its cunning form and age; the other lurks in the recesses of being, modified plainly by build, temperament, and mentality, by inheritance and experience; and both possess awesome powers beneficent or malign. But does that dispel the marvel

of their presence or make clear the secret of their lure?

There is no manifestation of life that is not vibrant. Even the inorganic world vibrates through all its substance, the unseen particle and the unseen planet responding alike to the throb of cosmic vibration, pulsating in the crucible under the stir of chemic change or pendulous in space under the sway of gravitation. The great active primal forces of the universe, heat, light and electricity, are, so far as physicists can tell, all modes of motion or vibrancy, and are convertible because they are fundamentally the same. They differ only in the time or force or shape of their vibration, and any one of them may be changed into any other as easily as we glide from one tune to the next in the realm of music.

We who are the complex products of this natural world must be compounded only of the materials and forces found within it. The vibrancy of light enables us to see, the

vibrancy of sound enables us to hear; our taste, our smell, our touch, are only faculties for recording vibrations in the universe around us. The most primordial functions of the living organism, breathing and circulation of the blood, are rhythmical. Even our hunger and thirst are timed to a slow periodicity, and swing from lulled inactive ease to restless demand with a certain regularity. At times the flood of waking energy sweeps through us like a compelling tide, and after its due period of joyous accomplishment ebbs away again, leaving us to fatigue, languor, and sleep. The rhythm of the breath and the beating of the pulse are only the more obvious and gross forms of personal vibration, but they parallel another and more impalpable sort of vibration which exists not only in the person but in the personality. This latter sort of vibrancy, a personal vibration which is characteristic of the individual, is indeed largely dependent upon physical peculiarities, and is modified by them; its origin, its

intensity, its quality, are always partly physical; yet it is equally a psychic power and a revelation of the inward personality. It is not possessed equally by all people, nor do those who are endowed with it possess it equally at all times. In many it is so slight as to seem to be almost wholly wanting, so that we declare at once, they have no magnetism. In others it is so strong and forceful that the very air seems charged with their presence, and we are aware of an almost palpable influence radiating from them wherever they may be. It is as variable as mood, and differs in different men and women as much as temper or disposition.

Vibrancy is never wholly lacking in the human being, in some degree or other, but it is often so faint and vague as to be almost indistinguishable and inoperative. Sickness impairs it, confusion and doubtfulness of mind render it ineffectual, and a wilful despondency may destroy it at its source. At its best, however, it is a great power; and like

any other supreme characteristic of human clay may be cultivated with intelligent care or ignored and thwarted and ruthlessly troyed. It behooves those who have it abundantly to guard it scrupulously as one of the most precious of gifts and to use it wisely for beneficent ends; while those who have it only to a small degree could hardly do better than attempt to increase it by educating so potent an ability.

To call it personal magnetism does not explain this subtle power at all, nor elucidate its obscure character, but it proves how familiar we are with it in every-day life. Its actual existence is very real and pervasive, only we need to give it rational recognition and treatment, as something quite as worthy of respect and culture as any of the more salient traits of personality. It is more powerful than beauty, more effective than intelligence. Serving each human being, like a prompt and eager messenger, just as electricity serves us in a mechanical way, it aids inestimably

in all the strenuous forceful dealings of men and all the glad or grievous concerns of women, — that dramatic interplay of character which goes to make up the sum of human happiness or woe. Obscure and little regarded, often inert or degraded, but never wholly dead, it resides at the very core of individuality, like the hidden force which marks the identity of the atom and appears to be almost synonymous with life itself.

To thrill with rapture or quiver with grief is no mere metaphor; the whole person responds like a vibrant cord to the touch of experience; and spirit and sense are inextricably bound together, while life lasts, in one sentient organism through which its own thoughts, emotions, and sensations surge and throb, and to which its created fellows call and are apprehended in answering rhythms. And yet personal vibrancy or personal magnetism, in the sense in which we are using the term, is not to be considered as a species of hypnotism, since hypnotism is an abnormal

phenomenon produced under extreme conditions, whereas personal magnetism is wholly normal, healthy, and a quality of every-day intercourse.

It may be that hypnotism is an exaggerated effect of personal vibrancy deliberately emphasized and enforced; but the manifestation which we are here calling vibrancy or magnetism, and which plays so important though inconspicuous a part in every mortal career, is by no means so extravagant or exceptional a thing. It proceeds to no such extraordinary lengths as mesmerism, and yet its ends are similar, for its function in human economy is the serviceable communication of personal influence. Its invisible but cogent dictates carry inducement or authority wherever they go, eliciting some response wherever they pass, either of acquiescence or dissent. One can seldom remain wholly indifferent to its sway when once it is recognized, but must yield it some kind of acknowledgment, whether in compliance or aversion.

Personal vibrancy is the automatic carrying power of the individual will; it sounds the personal note of the individual, and like the tones of sound must mingle in harmony or discord with every vibration it meets.

In all the commonplace occurrences of every-day affairs, as in the crucial hours of life, personal magnetism is operative and powerful, — wherever two men meet in the street, wherever business is transacted or speech exchanged, wherever eyebeams meet and looks of understanding pass, wherever a gesture is recognized or an inflexion observed, in liking, in antipathy, and even in indifference. It is the power of the orator, the sorcery of the lover, the secret of the leader of forlorn hopes, the resource of the anxious hostess, the help of the physician, the reliance of the advocate, and the preacher's most telling appeal. Personal vibrancy fires assemblies with enthusiasm and touches mobs with the madness of fury or panic fear. Wherever a mortal soul perceive its fellow, the transmitting

power of personality is felt and exerted as a vibrant vital force.

In the early days of mesmerism, the existence of a certain mysterious magnetic fluid was postulated to account for the transmission of an apparently inexplicable personal influence. That theory of course has long since been abandoned. But in thinking of vibrancy as a personal quality, we need conceive of it in no such material or mysterious fashion. Only in its physical manifestation does personal vibration become something measurable to the senses. But there, indeed, whether we call it personal magnetism or animal sympathy, it reveals itself in no dubious guise, with no uncertain power, as a determiner of choice, an indissuadable advocate of preference, in comradeship, in friendship and in love. To such lowly but honourable origin in the great kinship of nature may our mental and spiritual affinities in part be traced. Responding with a glad elation to an accent of sympathy, a glance of compre-

hension, a touch of kindred vibrancy, and ignoring quite as arbitrarily other stimuli which might seem to sober judgment no less compelling and delightful, the sensitive mortal takes his way through the confusion of life, choosing his associates, his companions, his bosom-friends, at the bidding of an instinct seemingly no more rational than vaguest whim. Yet choice is not whimsical. We may trust the predilections of instinct and intuition if only they be kept fine and undebased. We may make sure that a true and kindly relation is attainable first or last in the rarer spheres of spirit and intelligence between any two beings whose senses have first felt a glad response in the recognition of sympathetic vibration, — that silver string which binds together the hearts and heads and hands of friends and lovers. Woven of tactile sense, of iridescent light, of rhythmic sound, this fine thread on which the living beads of personality are strung is a strand of that mighty cord which holds the glowing stars to their

centres as they circle through their purple rounds.

Personal vibrancy implies and requires tension. And vibrant tension implies chiefly three things, power, sensibility and freedom of vibration, — the power which resides in energy and strength, the sensibility or delicacy which comes of experience, and the freedom which is only born of courage.

Being inseparable from the physical as it is, personal magnetism must find its chief means of growth and recuperation and reenforcement in a salutary bodily culture and code. Unless the physique be sound, efficient, and in its best condition, personal vibrancy must be impaired. The singing wire from which glad music is to issue must be taut, or it will not vibrate at all, and to hold it taut the attachments at either end must be strong and fixed. There can be no harmony, there cannot even be a responsive sound from a slackened string. To keep the cord of personal relation tuneful, therefore, its points of

fixture must be firm. To look for adequate responsiveness and potent magnetism from a weak or sickly body is like expecting resonance from punk, or resilience from a broken spring. That magic power, so subtle yet so inescapable, which is felt to surround every forceful personality and lay a spell on all who come within its range, can only have its origin in the happy spontaneity of a poised and wholesome body. Vigour is a prime requisite of personal vibrancy.

It is good to feel that we are maintaining our vigour not merely for itself alone, — not only for the sensuous satisfaction of perfect health, great as that benefit is. There is a further satisfaction in maintaining physical energy at its finest perfection, when we have consciously in mind its ever present value in strengthening mental vigour and spiritual force, — in enhancing personality and personal relations, — when we recall that health is not only the basis of endurance but of influence and success. To consider physical vig-

our in this light adds a noble and fascinating interest to life, and stimulates the wisest care of our animal selves, the magical bodies which we too often misuse and degrade, and which a false and iniquitous asceticism has even led men to despise.

To keep the bodily instrument in healthy tone and capably vibrant, we must keep it supplied first of all with food and air and freedom. These are the great basic necessities of life, from which intelligence and joy and power are to be made. The engine must be kept going at its best, no matter what unhappiness or misfortune may threaten. A plentiful supply of the best food we can obtain, and an abundant supply of pure cold air, these are the requisites never to be omitted. An unstinted use of cold water and quiet sleep materially help us all to make the most of our opportunity for success and gladness. As much time as possible in the great fresh out-of-doors, where our natures are at home, is medicine for many ills and brings

unguessed reinforcements of vitality to the thwarted spirit. Perplexities will often vanish like a pallid sickness in open sunshine. And, be it soberly said, tired nerves may be wonderfully refreshed by resting or sleeping on the naked ground, where all their jangling rhythms may be reattuned and their discordant pain absorbed by the great unseen magnetic currents of the earth. Our strength is sapped, the very sources of our vitality are cut off by floors and pavements, just as we can be insulated from electricity by a rubber shoe. We grow artificial and distraught in exile from our native resting-place. Something of the strong, instinctive, and normal life of the creatures of the field is needed in the finest civiliz — their natural honesty, their unperverted instinct, their lawful persistence and unembarrassed repose. We may well retain, too, all that we can of the animal habit of orderly motion, — that unconscious adherence to a natural individual rhythm in all movements which the wild things always

exhibit and which no domestication can spoil. To this end the cultivation of normal motion is important, the most rhythmical exercise is best. And for this reason all exercise is beneficial only when it is adapted to the personal rhythm, as well as to the other physical and personal needs of the individual.

Though personal magnetism is thus palpably physical in its basis, r one the less is it appreciably spiritual and rational in its composition and function, helping our personalities to find their proper scope and wield their proper influence in life. While its power is rooted in strength and health, these alone are far from sufficient to secure and perfect it. For no matter what amount of mere animal strength a man may possess, if he have not discriminating sensibility and courageous freedom as well, his personal value will be only rudimentary. Indeed if the equation of his personal make-up is lacking in any one of these necessary factors, the efficiency of his personal power cannot but be impaired. A

personality, like a violin string, must have free play for its vibrations and accuracy of attunement along with its strength and tenacity; otherwise it can give forth only a crippled result. The freedom of spirit we need for the maintenance of a finely strung personal vibrancy is a matter of daring, of having the courage not only of our convictions but of our instincts and aspirations, of being undeterred by the puny fear of consequences or by the blind old tyranny of tradition. It is not enough to do our own thinking; we must do our own feeling and acting also.

That factor in personal magnetism which we may call sensibility, delicacy, or intelligence of appreciation, controls the most exquisite quality of social intercourse and human sympathy, and gives personality the power of quick perception, comprehension and judgment. It saves personal force from wasting itself on futile ends and in ill-advised endeavour. However freely and resonantly a string may vibrate, it will not enhance any

harmony unless it be struck in time and tune. To be off the key is as fatal in personal relations as in music. Much that is vigorous and daring in personality is undone for want of delicacy, discrimination, understanding. It is the finest ingredient of personal being, this delicate and subtle wisdom; and while, like other endowments, it may be a gift at birth, it is also product of culture and experience. Children having plenty of physical health and often a splendid spiritual freedom, cannot have the commensurate sensitiveness of insight which experience gives. Their merciless cruelty, their thoughtlessness, their lack of understanding are the result of ignorance and inexperience.

But the artist in life, who has kept his body with all its forces unperverted, who has held his courage high through all vicissitudes of experience, will also have attained a vibrant sympathy with suffering and sorrow and the desolation of defeat. For the capable worker, lighted by imagination, experience develops

a liberal sympathy, a tolerant and kindly judgment, and a most sensitive understanding of the lights and shades of life. Time, that adds value to the violin, may also be made to bring skill to the fingers of the player. Else were we for ever at fault, and experience might leave us where it found us.

As a practical summary it may be said that personal magnetism may best be fostered and retained by utilizing the natural laws of personal rhythm, instinctive preference, and true adaptation; by never doing anything awkwardly nor in disordered haste; by never violating a legitimate normal prompting or intuitive choice, merely because of the infatuation of fashion or the intimidation of custom; by never acting without kind consideration and liberal reason. So may our vibrancy become a legitimate power for betterment as well as a personal attainment and satisfaction.

Those who vibrate strongly, freely, and considerately, — who avoid alike the errors

of weakness and of violence, of wilfulness and of timidity, of credulity and of intolerance, — and hold the fleeting gift of life in a capable balance of powers, are the masters of destiny and the benefactors of their fellows. They learn from practice that the test of success for any personality is that it shall yield the delectable harmony of this triple chord, sounding the notes of primordial energy, humane sympathy, and ideal wisdom. Experience teaches them that personal vibrancy is the silver string of life upon which the fairy music of happiness is made.

VI

# Rhythms of Grace

In walking or running or dancing, the human body is seen at its best. Its static beauty of form then takes on another loveliness, — the charm of motion, the bewitching rhythms of grace. If we are captivated by its ravishing lines and tints in repose, we are more deeply enslaved when those lines and hues begin to move and melt through yielding curves from poise to poise. We then perceive the purport and power, the adaptability, ease and success, of its wonderful mechanism. If we were in love with the promise of its beauty, we are (though we may not know it) more completely in love with its perfection of graceful and facile achievement.

More than that, there is a sorcery in timed and modulated motion, which is inherent in all rhythms, and which lures us to respond, as surely as the charmer's pipe beguiles the serpent from his coils. The cultivation of grace is too fine to be achieved through artifice or affectation, and yet it may be acquired by lawful means; and while it is not so much coveted as beauty is, because it is less realized, it is no less potent and delightful, and is more readily attainable. A properly comprehensive physical education will develop grace as certainly as vigour and strength. Indeed, grace must be the ultimate test of all culture of the body.

With all our attention to outdoor sports, our college athletics, our innumerable schools of physical training, we cannot be said to be indifferent to bodily well-being, and another word on the subject may even seem superfluous. It is not the quantity of physical training, however, which is open to criticism, so much as its quality. While the amount of

care we bestow on the culture of the body may be thought sufficient, — in our colleges, at least, — it is certainly for the most part lacking in the wisest guiding educational principles, and is very rarely made to yield the best general results. The prime mistake seems to be that all except the greatest educators have overlooked the possibility of the higher education of motion. They have devoted themselves exclusively to developing muscular and special strength, but that is very far from being enough. Strength, without the habit of using it with the utmost economy and appropriateness, is only of limited advantage.

It is true that sports and athletics do cultivate motion, and in the long run do give their kinds of dexterity and skill and physical efficiency. Our great natural bodily proficiency has been achieved through long ages of trial and practice in work and play, and the elimination of the inefficient. But it is not true that mere exercise in itself necessarily affords the most valuable education in motion or in-

duces the best motional habits. The processes of natural selection are effective but ruthless, and attain their purpose with entire disregard for the individual. The blind cosmic forces which play through us produce perfection of the species in their own good time only by sacrificing with supreme unconcern myriads of the weak, mistaken, and ineffectual.

It is the object of education to better this clumsy process, to discriminate among natural tendencies, to guide and assist evolution, to modify and adapt it to the crying need of each particular being. One might quite as well expect to become a good reader merely by persistently reading aloud without instruction or criticism, as to hope to acquire good habits of motion by unaided practice alone. We forget that bad habits of motion, bad habits of walking or standing, may most easily be acquired in childhood, and may be unconsciously and tenaciously retained through any amount of exercise, unless they are recognized by a competent instructor and

carefully eliminated, just as bad habits of speech — unpleasant tones and inefficient breathing — may be contracted in childhood and retained through life, unless duly corrected. Unguided exercise does not necessarily eradicate faults in the individual, but the faults merely tend to vitiate the exercise. The exercise of any faculty is of little educational value, unless it is wisely directed with definite educational purpose.

The average parent sees no necessity for giving his child any real physical education. "Because," he says, "the boy is not very strong. I think it better to give him plenty of outdoor life. Let him take his exercise as Nature intended." This sounds very well, but the difficulty is that Nature, while she is always trying to produce normal types, sets very little store by any separate life. A boy may have inherited a poor physique from his father and execrable habits of motion from his mother. To turn him loose to exercise by himself is to allow all his bad habits to be-

come confirmed, and his maldevelopment to be established. Nature would let him exercise himself to death. His weak inefficient body needs constant wise guidance and help; without these, he might almost as well and sometimes much better not exercise at all. A playground without a physical director is just about as useful as a schoolroom without a teacher. A child can exercise his mind without help, and does so every minute he is awake, but that does not mean that he can give himself a proper intellectual education. No more can he learn good motion, physical deftness and aptitude, merely by exercising his muscles in haphazard exertion.

The youth at college is not much better off. He rows or runs or plays ball or uses the gymnasium without any idea beyond excelling in his favourite sport, outstripping his fellows in speed, or overmatching them in strength. He knows no other measure of physical excellence, — no standard of beauty or symmetry of development. His only in-

centive is the natural but pernicious sense of rivalry; and this leads him to specialize in directions where he is already most proficient, and to neglect his development in other directions where he needs it most. He thus exaggerates his peculiarities of build and motion, instead of correcting and supplementing them, and thus retards his own harmonious physical education. All good teachers, of course, deplore this tendency and strive to correct it; but since physical training is not compulsory in our educational system, their advice is seldom followed, the student preferring to follow his own mistaken will. The man must beat his rivals, the college must beat its sister colleges, at any cost. So that college athletics, which might have so great an influence for nobility and beauty in forming American manhood, are actually always too near exhibitionary gladiatorial professionalism, and tend to vulgarize and brutalize their students.

Another danger to be avoided in physical

education is an excess of simultaneous class-work. The good to be obtained from it, of course, is that it trains the pupil in habits of prompt coöperation, and gives him a sense of responsibility and of his relative importance as a unit in an organized society. It teaches him to sink his identity in the general identity of the class. And it is just here that the danger of class work lies; for in teaching the pupil to keep time with others and move in unison with others, it tends to force him out of his natural rhythm and characteristic motion. Class drill may produce very pretty results for purposes of exhibition, it may save space and time in teaching; but at the same time it may do violence to the individual instinct and mechanism of every member of the class. Appropriate enough in military countries like Germany, where discipline and the state are counted all-important, it is not at all appropriate in America, where the individual is valued above the system, where we are more concerned in making men than in

making machines, and where we esteem efficient spontaneity and originality more than stolidity and obedience.

Perhaps the most flagrant example of the evil of class drill is to be found in an extraordinary performance in which ten or a dozen men stand in a file between two poles which they grasp in their hands. Then the arms are moved up and down, in and out, in various ways, just as they might be in many figures of ordinary calisthenic drill. Here the performance is purely an exhibitionary feat, and is worse than valueless educationally. There is no possibility of any one of the performers keeping his own rhythm and quality of motion. He submits himself to an averaging machine, which cannot but impair his motional habits and trammel his spontaneous vitality. He might go through the same movements by himself with nothing but beneficial results; but when he follows them in this inflexible unison, he can receive nothing but injury. This is an instance of the truth

that exercise may be injurious not only when it is excessive, but when it is foolish, ill-regulated, and not adapted to individual good.

It is of the greatest importance, therefore, that all pupils should be carefully educated individually before being allowed to do simultaneous work. Their peculiar traits of rhythm and the manner of their motion have to be considered, and their peculiar faults corrected, before they can afford to exercise in unison with others. It is no more possible to give an individual proper physical training through class work alone than it is to give him proper vocal training by the same means.

When sufficient individual motion training has once been gained, it penetrates and modifies and perfects all of our exercise and makes all well-ordered activity beneficial. Whatever sport we take up becomes more than doubly helpful and delightful. The difference between a game of tennis played by a young man whose motion is bad, — restricted,

disorderly and ineffectual, — and one played by a player whose motion is free and graceful and adequate, is immense, — the difference in enjoyment as well as in results and appearance. There is no need for any new form of exercise; we only need to apply better motion to the numberless forms already existing.

But how, it may be asked, are we to secure the exercise best suited to each individual? Chiefly in two ways: by selecting exercise to serve the physical needs and defects of the student, so that it becomes a source of remedial development as well as a means of health; and by adapting that exercise to the student's own peculiar rhythm, either to correct or to emphasize it so that it becomes a naturally educative process, refreshing the personality, as well as the physicality. The first precaution is practised generally enough, but the second is not even recognized as a necessity; and yet the one is as needful as

the other if physical education is to result in the production of individual happiness, power, and beauty.

If physical training is to have any really educative value, if it is to be an integral part of a humane culture, it cannot rest satisfied with developing strength, endurance, and skill, delightful and goodly as these qualities are; it must be civilizing in its tendency, and help to eliminate violent impulses, minimizing and obliterating all that is savage and ferocious in our animal nature, and retaining and developing all that is wholesome and needful. It must, in other words, coöperate with mental and moral training in the perfecting of the human being, in imposing guidance, restraint, and fineness upon primitive impulse, in securing the freedom of spirit and the supremacy of reason. It must not hinder human evolution by keeping alive the more ruthless and blind animal propensities, it must rather aid human progress by educating instincts and directing them toward

noble intelligent issues; it must help us to maintain strength, resourcefulness and courage, and to discard brutality, cruelty, and vindictiveness.

There is not the least doubt that physical education can render great help in doing this. In bodily training, as in all other realms of life, it is practice that forms habit, and habit that forms character. The calling of the fireman or the coast-guard must educe and stimulate the humaner instincts, sympathy, generosity, kindliness, unselfishness, tenderness; while it also requires no less courage and endurance than the brutalizing art of war. As a vocation this exerts so potent an influence in the formation of character, even so must bodily training exert a definite modifying guidance. Inborn pugnacity tends to make a man a fighter, and quite as surely does practice in boxing develop pugnacity.

Civilization does not consist of architecture and wealth, but of spirituality, temper, and attitude of mind. Nevertheless we are civilized

by circumstances, by the tasks which society imposes upon us, quite as much as by our own direct aspirations. We modify our actions at the bidding of impulse and intention; and our gestures, voices, and habits of motion are faithfully indicative of the personality beneath; and no less certainly is our personality modified and moulded in turn by the reflex influence of its own acts and expressions, whether spontaneous or imitative. Imitation is one of Nature's rudimentary means of growth; but it needs superlative standards, and even then it cannot advantageously supplant individual effort. To make any act or gesture or mode of speech or motion habitual through deliberate repetition is to stimulate in the personality the appropriate moral quality or emotion of which such act or gesture is the expression. The student of acting cannot practise the expressions of anger, despair, revenge, or love, without exciting those passions in his own heart. So inseparably allied

are spirit and sense, — so interdependent are their aims, their interests, and their spheres.

In order that exercise may be most helpful and ensure the best results, it must be of a kind which can become instinctive and automatic. Otherwise it may necessitate a too constant strain on the attention and fail to produce that economy of motion which we recognize as grace, and which is always present when energy is allowed to play freely through its physical embodiment. Men and women are only ungraceful through some hindrance offered to this free play of energy, whether it be a physical impediment, a bad habit of motional procedure, the restraint of self-consciousness, or only the constrictions of modern dress.

An animal may be ungraceful in our eyes, but it is rarely awkward or inept in its movements. Many of them seem to us monstrous and ungainly, but of such species we must remember that their world is so different

from ours, their requirements so alien, that our standards of grace and theirs can hardly be the same. Judged by the inflexible demands of its life and its surroundings, the motion of any perfectly normal creature will be found to show the highest economy of effort. And this among mortals is the criterion of grace. Animal motion is good through being instinctive and free, and our own motion can only become graceful when those qualities are ensured for it.

The body is constantly tending to adopt habits either good or bad in its motional life and to make them automatic; it knows and profits by the secret of routine; and by preference it will adopt good habits rather than bad, — a saving rather than a wasteful expenditure of energy. We can have no natural preference for bad habits of motion, no real zest or enthusiasm in awkward actions, since these can never become deeply instinctive nor expressive, but must always be distasteful to our normal animal consciousness and our best

taste. We must use our bodies as they prefer to be used, just as a good rider must make allowances for the preference of his horse, and ride him as he wishes to be ridden.

The best exercises, therefore, are those which permit freest play to normal motion, freest expression to the physical character of the individual. And since the body cannot repeat with pleasure any motion which is unsuited to its own rhythmic preferences, but does repeat gladly any motion whose rhythm and form are adapted to its peculiarities, it follows that the most congenial exercises are those whose rhythms may be varied and adapted to meet individual need.

For this reason the use of Indian clubs is one of the most beneficial and delightful gymnastics. They give the body something to do beyond the mere stretch of muscles obtained in calisthenic exercise without apparatus. They lure us to exertion, like riding or swimming, without calling for a constant effort of volition. At the same time they

demand the least possible strain or attachment with a mechanical world. They have the guise of a work, and yet they leave the body almost absolutely free in its motion. They afford it an opportunity for rhythmic action, and yet leave perfect liberty to modify that rhythm at will. They are thus truly educational, inculcating the science of motion and developing the art of motion at the same time. Their persistent rhythms tend to do away with faulty idiosyncrasies of motion, and to replace a disorderly, spasmodic, cumbersome, violent, or ineffectual habit of physical action by one that is well-ordered, regular, exact and capable. The practice of Indian clubs introduces us to a world of rapturous harmonies, where energy can find a pure enjoyment neither servile nor lawless. Indeed, by making us accustomed to a freer and at the same time a more regulated motion, they give us a hint of the great truth that lawlessness is a hindrance and not a help to liberty. Their gentle discipline rescues us

from any possible disorderliness of motion, and impresses us with the order and symmetry of freedom. They approach more nearly the free art of dancing than other forms of exercise, and share its power of hypnotizing the mind, fascinating the attention, and so allowing the dormant animal consciousness to emerge and grow. They teach the muscles to think for themselves and to act independently. They encourage good motion, and by making it automatic, tend to make it instinctive for future use. Further than that, the natural freedom which they offer the body infects the spirit with gladness. Their rhythms, like the rhythms of the dance, awaken in the personality latent primordial joy by making activity expressive, and restore the soul to full possession and control of the body, so that it can find there again its lawful satisfactions, its sufficient avenues of expression, its mobile salutary means of achievement, its virile sustenance, its orderly reënforcement, its happy existence.

The most graceful form of Indian club is of the long-handled English pattern, nineteen inches in length, made of soft wood hollowed for the sake of lightness, and weighing not more than eight or ten ounces. This pattern of club will be found to give far more satisfactory results than the old-fashioned heavy type, which weighed two or three pounds at least. The heavy club compelled great exertion through certain parts of the swing, thus retarding the motion at points, while it hurried the motion at other points of the swing by the inertia of its weight. The lighter club, which is also better balanced, allows a more even and regular use of the muscles, a smoother and more graceful motion, with an equal distribution of energy throughout the whole circle of the swing. It permits much wrist and finger work quite impossible with the heavier club; and this possibility of extending exercise to the very ends of the fingers is important in the development of a full unconscious rhythm in personal mo-

tion. As a consequence of this better rhythm and more uniform exertion, the physical development produced by the lighter club is far more beautiful than that produced by the heavier instrument. The one gives a well-rounded muscularity, at no point overexercised, and at no point neglected, while the other developed the exaggerated biceps and lumpy muscles of the circus gymnast of our boyhood.

In swinging clubs, the body must of course be held in proper poise with the weight on the balls of the feet and the chest held up as in elation. Every movement must originate in the breast and be transmitted not only to the tips of the fingers but as far as the eyes and tips of the toes; so that the whole physique may participate in the rhythmic exhilaration, and while the body may not actually rise from the ground at each swing, it may at least seem to be quickened by vibration and elasticity in its kinetic poise. To this end the body must never be tense, for in certain uses

of the clubs, as in the pendular swing, the arm learns to be as passive as a swinging rope, all the impulse being given by the chest and shoulder. In many movements the fingers, too, are as lax as may be, and retain their hold with the least possible attachment, so that the exercise may more nearly approach an absolutely "free gymnastic," — that is, a gymnastic of the body without apparatus. This delicacy of poise and hold breeds grace of motion, without at all diminishing the development of strength. It adds skill and ecstasy to crude power.

That Indian clubs may afford one of the most normalizing of exercises is unquestionable. But it must be remembered that their normalizing value, their power to render personal motion more graceful and proficient, and personality thereby more effectual, depends almost altogether on the way in which they are used. They may be used to increase muscular strength and manipulatory skill, and still fail to have any direct effect in nor-

malizing personal habits of motion. In order that their best effects may be realized, — in order that they may make personal motion permanently better, and personality itself more sane and normal, — they must be practised with an intelligent understanding of their advantages, a feeling for their rhythmic possibilities, which is the chief benefit they secure. Unless clubs are swung with as much happy zest and abandonment and appreciation of their graceful harmonies as one would bring to the fine art of dancing, their utmost benefit will be lost. Without realizing this, we might practise them all our days and derive but little improvement in grace or bearing. But to feel the enchantment of their rhythms, the sorcery of their complex harmonious movements, as they wheel through space in their silent arabesques; to follow and obey their delicate law and yet modify their evolutions at pleasure; to produce new and almost infinite varieties of flying curves out of their few elementary figures, is to ex-

perience the veritable artistic rapture, and be carried out of oneself into the region of true creation where magic happens and beauty is born.

Such exercise teaches the body the fundamental laws of motion, the simple and primary rules of grace, and leads it by a wise education through subtle intricacies to a happy participation in the order and freedom of life. Club-swinging ought to form a part of all elementary education, since it induces a normal development, advantageous in itself and serviceable in any commonest kind of labour; while out of its physical harmonies the finest personality may spring. The education it provides, so basic and so requisite, tending to refine our physical nature, as music and mathematics do the mind, would help to make every workman an artist and every artist a master in his craft. Not only in an ideal republic, but in this practical world, the hod-carrier and the poet may bene-

fit alike by training in a field of motion where the rhythms of grace are supreme.

A second form of exercise, which may well supplement the use of Indian clubs, is provided by the medicine-ball. Here the element of art is lessened, since the movements are less conventional, and the rhythms less pronounced; but there is a compensation for this loss in the added element of sport which is introduced through companionship in practice, and by the increased capacity for the direct development of strength. The Indian clubs serve to invigorate and refresh the whole being, in the same way that a few minutes of good breathing will do. The medicine-ball does more than this; in offering scope for greater muscular effort, it makes an excellent step from the training in pure motion of the Indian clubs to the applied exertions of heavy gymnastics, athletics or actual labour. It brings all the muscles into play equally and well, demanding variety of poise, and cultivating the beginning of judgment,

promptness, responsiveness, and skill. Like any other form of exercise, it should of course be practised with a constant heed to the quality of its motions, the grace and orderliness of effort, as inculcated by the Indian clubs. Every catch and throw should embody a consciousness of rhythm and a pleasure in economic and thorough motion that would lend satisfaction and gladness to activity.

These forms of exercise, if rightly pursued, will go far toward making good motion instinctive and habitual, so that all tasks may be undertaken and executed with an intelligent and automatic economy of force. If it be only scrubbing a floor or washing a window, the work will be the better done for any previous training in orderly, regulated motion. To cultivate bodily perfection for no end but the perfection itself would be a vain and foolish pursuit. Unless our sports, our athletics, our whole physical education, are to have some application to real life, and serve to make it easier and happier, they must be sadly

futile. But to be able to carry into daily labour and activity an actual pleasure in every motion, to feel a glad satisfaction in the exerting of physical energy, is substantial gain. Even the most uncongenial labour then loses half its drudgery, and may be turned, for all its disagreeableness, into positive and appreciable benefit.

Not only does the habit of good motion, or grace, give us greater ease and efficiency for work; it helps us to extract a measure of needful recuperative exercise from all absorbing daily tasks. The business man who has no time for other exercise than the walk of perhaps a couple of miles to and from his office may make that help to keep him in health, if he has learned to walk and breathe well. Even sitting at a desk all day may be made less exhausting and distressing if the worker shall have learned to hold his or her body well and to be careful to secure an abundance of fresh air all the time, and to breathe it properly. There is as much need for right

carriage in sitting as in standing; and if the body is kept under control through all the waking hours, — poised, alert, and vibrant, without overtension and with adequate breathing, — the quietest occupation may be made to furnish enough good exercise to preserve some measure of happy health. Nor will any toil, short of the impossible, seem too great, or leave the well-ordered being exhausted without recompense and chance of recuperation. Real joy in action is a magic lightener of Titanic and distasteful tasks.

The housewife or shop-girl who has to be on her feet all day does not suffer so much from the excessive hours of work as from a lack of such physical training as would give her free animal intelligence in the use of her body. Every hour, hampered by artificial hindrances, is a drag and brings only weariness and discouragement, because every movement is wasteful and disorganizing, making gladness and economic efficiency of labour impossible. Just as it is not work but worry

that wears out the mind and depresses the spirit, so it is not work but ineptitude that wears out the body and fatigues the willing heart.

Grace is not merely an adornment of life, but, like beauty, it is an inherent requisite, indicating perfection of motion, as beauty indicates perfection of form. Both are necessities of personality and revelations of power, not to be affected nor compelled, but to be cultivated lawfully and revered as puissant oracles of the divine.

# Beauty of the Foot

"Great toe, little toe, three toes between,
All in a pointed shoe —
Ne'er was so tiny a fo'castle seen,
Nor so little room for the crew."

So might an observer of the average pointed-toed shoes exclaim.

It is strange that beautiful feet are almost nowhere to be seen nowadays except among babies, Orientals and savages. That wonderful human member, so strong, so patient, so sensitive, so marvellously built and mathematically contrived with its arches and levers, so cunningly adapted to its ceaseless employment, has undeservedly become a thing of shame to be covered and hidden from sight.

Yet what poetry and romance reside in the normal naked foot! The hand itself is not more beautiful nor more significant; though we sing the praises of the one, while the other we must never mention. Consider the service of the foot, bearing us hither and thither over the face of the lovely earth, up hill and down valley, by road and tangled meadow, through the open world, beneath the open sky, to many destinations, on errands of kindness or pleasure through all the bright business of life.

Consider how life itself has risen, like an emanation from the fertile ground — first through trees and plants and particoloured flowers, which truly share the breath of existence, yet must for ever remain patiently in one spot; next in the creeping and crawling forms which move ceaselessly over the green surface of the earth with such infinite slowness; and then finally in the creatures which run and walk as they will, almost as independent as the wandering clouds. They belong to the race which has detached itself

from the mighty parent, to wander between heaven and earth, abiding where it will, free with that power of moving on nimble feet, — a power, when you think of it, scarcely less extraordinary than that of certain flies to skate on the smooth surface of the stream. Think of the silent pad of the great cats as they move to the hunt, hardly turning a stone or snapping a twig. Think of the sure hoof of the mountain climbers, passing from ledge to ledge at dizzy altitudes in intrepid security, or of the cunning and exquisitely sensitive hoof of the deer, adapting itself to every step at such swift pace; feet for all surfaces, all countries, all necessities of weight and speed. Think of all these animal myriads as they come and go upon their business in the wild places of the world, and how their feet must always mark the measure of their strength.

The only greater wanderer and journeyer is man himself, the incorrigible nomad. Under tents or in palaces his abiding is hardly

more stable than life itself, as it fleets from instant to instant. He goes forth in the morning of time in bands, in hordes, in armies, hunting, conquering, settling; through dust, through snow, through swamp or forest; by trail and ford and red highway; and always his tireless feet must bear him forward to his goal. The anabasis of the Ten Thousand; the wandering of the Israelites in the wilderness; Napoleon's retreat from Moscow; Sherman's march to the sea; all the countless expeditions of armed men forgotten long ago; all the daring adventures of hunters, lovers, explorers, seekers for gold, or mere restless waifs driven by their own fatuous whim; forced marches by night; leisurely rovings by day; — how all these wayfarings testify to the courageous, patient feet which went upon them, returning in triumph or coming back no more!

You think fondly of the beloved hands that served and tended and solaced you; think

also of the willing feet that have done your pleasure, — run your errands, companioned you on many a delightful walk, and come to meet you on how many a glad return! How cherishable are the feet of the beloved, with all their rose-leaf delicacy of texture, their network of sensibility as responsive as the palm of the hand or even the life-breathing lips! In the beautiful deft sandalled feet of dancing-girls what enchantment lurks, what a sense of power to go and come at the sweet will of the spirit! They may gleam and tantalize and allure and madden the infatuated beholder; yet in truth they are all the while expressive of capacities for patient docility and the sublime helpfulness of women. Over unnumbered leagues of travel in all times, under all weathers, through trackless jungles with death lurking in the shadows; across pathless wastes of snow with death stalking naked as the wind; through all lands and seasons and circumstances, the untiring, indomitable feet of man have gone, carrying him

to the door of his desire. Think of all this, and then declare whether the human foot is not worthy of honour.

When we think of the foot as strong and capable and performing all its tasks so thoroughly and well, we instinctively think of it as beautiful. The idea of beauty is fundamentally an appreciation of absolute fitness. Those things come to seem beautiful to us which are exquisitely efficient, — which discharge their functions with fascinating expedition and economy. So that the moment we reflect on the wonderful adaptability and effective power of the human foot, our latent admiration is aroused at once, our æsthetic enthusiasm is satisfied. Our popular notion of a pretty foot, on the other hand, does not call up a picture of the naked foot at all. It means something quite different, — simply a conventionalized form, a pretty shoe, a neatly made article of fine kid and soft patent leather, having a certain prettiness of its own in line and texture, but having little relation

to the human foot either in shape or in serviceability. The modern shoe with its pointed toe and high heel may be interesting as a bric-à-brac, as all human fashions are interesting, however extreme or bizarre; but its comparative uselessness, its lack of anything like perfect fitness to meet the demands which will be put upon it, make it essentially an inartistic invention. As long as it remains so artificial in shape and so ill adapted to its requirements, it can never be a really beautiful foot-covering. It is little less than an instrument of torture, and we wince at realizing it. Strange that we should condemn the foot-binding of the Chinese as cruelty, and willingly undergo discomforts almost as excruciating, and quite as illogical and disastrous, at the mere caprice of custom!

Without freedom of action there can be no beauty in these supple shapes of clay into which the breath of life has been blown. The average well-bred woman dare not show a bare foot, so cruelly is it blemished and mis-

shapen by her ridiculous shoe. The story is told of a beautiful woman on the American stage, that she lost a suitor because he once chanced to see her uncovered foot. The man's sense of beauty was revolted at the sight of a foot, which should naturally have been beautiful, deformed and disfigured by perverted and perverting shoes. The flaccid throat, the small, incompetent waist, the hobbling walk and the crippled feet of fashion would be disgusting if they were not so pitiable and so usual.

Whenever the foot is liberated from its fashionable bondage, it returns to the glad service for which it is formed; and all its added freedom and exercise bring back its lost suppleness, strength and grace. It grows sensitive and mobile and adequately serviceable again, and so again become interesting and beautiful with the beauty of life. A withered member, be it hand or foot, cannot be made lovely by being encased in expensive trappings.

What is the naked human foot really like? In general outline, the natural foot is three-sided. It approximately fills a triangle whose sides are formed by the inside straight line of the foot from toe to heel, the outside straight line of the foot and a straight line across the toes. The two long sides of the triangle meet in an apex behind the heel. The point of the foot is the heel, not the toes. In the naked foot of a young child, still undeformed by shoes, in the feet of all good statues and paintings, and in the feet of all peoples who go barefoot, this shape appears. It is the normal form of the human foot, developed by natural use, and giving adequate stability to the body; and only as our feet conform to this typical three-cornered shape can they make any just claim to beauty. Any divergence from this free-spreading, wide-toed form means inadequacy and weakness, and therefore unloveliness.

Among the barefooted people of the West Indies and the Orient, you may see the human

foot in its primitive strength and undistorted beauty. If you watch a young Negress going by with her burden on her head, the free stride of her naked feet, her soft step, her elastic, undulant body, you will have a new idea of physical loveliness. You may note how the foot spreads and springs with every step, bearing her forward in exquisite poise, with a grace and nobility of carriage quite impossible to our women of modish gowns and shoes. She moves with the ease and latent power of some wild creature; and watching her, you grow aware how much charm lies in beauty of motion, in the mobility and action as well as in the statuesque perfection of the human body. I have to confess that my sense of what is beautiful and attractive in physical perfection has found more delight in the unfettered swinging motion and free step of many a dark-skinned portress through the white streets of Nassau than it finds in the average "at home," where women mince helplessly and artificially across a room, or

wobble unstably from chair to chair. In the one case I see the alluring beauty of unspoiled nature, stirring me to enthusiasm without shame. In the other I see the shameful and revolting perversion which foolish fashion has imposed upon women of my own race. I look upon the foot-bound Chinese woman with pity, but without contempt. The custom she obeys is a curious relic of tyranny surviving from a darker age of the world; and the very antiquity and helplessness of her enthralment lend pathos to her sorry plight. But I cannot look at the silly shoe and ugly walk of the average American woman without a flush of indignation, that a people which prides itself on its intelligence should willingly tolerate such crippled and ungraceful usage.

There is more in this matter of graceful motion than appears at first sight. Women wear their absurd shoes, no doubt, to make their feet look smaller, more dapper and, as they suppose, more attractive; and we all

tolerate the custom. But we all overlook, I am sure, a very important factor in charm; we forget the fascinating sorcery which resides in graceful motion. Physical charm does not consist in perfection of colouring and form alone, but in perfection of motion as well. The gracious and irresistible allurement which a lovely woman exercises over the hearts of any company springs quite as much from her graceful mobility and nobleness of bearing as from any loveliness of face or figure. Personal magnetism, that strange unaccountable influence which plays upon us so potently, yet ever eludes definition, is largely a matter of freedom of poise and harmony of movement — normal poise of the body, whether at rest or moving with all the wonderful flexions and tensions of which it is capable. An elusive, irresistible power, an air almost superhuman, seems to surround that person whose walk and bearing approach our instinctive standards of human motion at its best. So eagerly do we long for beauty,

for loveliness and power and ease and grace, so intuitively do we recognize them, that there is no saying what influence such delicacy of poise and refinement of motion may not wield. The woman who moves well may have the world at her feet; while her rival, of more beautiful lineaments but with an awkward carriage and ungainly motion, may retain her flawlessness, picturesque but unadmired. There is more power in the tone of the voice than in the meaning of the word it utters. There is more force in a gesture the hand makes than in the mould of the hand itself.

Now the basis of good carriage and good motion, or the basis of personal magnetism, is of course a strong, flexible, intelligent body at the command of a worthy personality. And the prime support or base of such a body must be a pair of strong, flexible, intelligent feet. Any foot which has strength, flexibility and muscular intelligence may not be the most beautiful foot in the world, but having these

qualities which go to make grace and efficiency, it will surely be more beautiful than one of more perfect mould in which those requisites are wanting. Beauty, it cannot be said too often, does not mean shape alone; it implies charm of effectiveness and adaptability as well. The idea of beauty includes the idea of perfect fitness, perfect economy of effort, perfect fulfilment of a function, perfect attainment of an end or purpose, always with the least waste of energy. No foot — indeed, no part of the body — can be beautiful which is not capable of serving its natural purposes gracefully; and no member can gracefully serve its natural purposes or fulfil its proper office to the body unless it is free.

The hand or foot — or the whole body, for that matter — cannot be kept beautiful by disuse. It was designed for use, for motion, not for immobility. It attained its present normal beauty, its present formation, through constant service and motion; and only by being used freely and lovingly can its beauty be

preserved and perfected. Beauty is a result of continual gracefulness, an evidence of good habits of motion. And good motion, beautiful, strong, economical, intelligent, can spring only from a gracious spirit finding freedom of expression through an obedient, mobile body. Freedom, therefore, freedom for every part and member of the body, is a prime requisite of beauty.

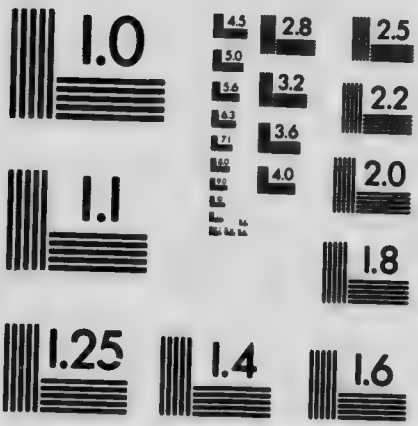
If we would have beautiful feet, we must take off our restricting, debilitating shoes. If we would have beautiful bodies, we must abandon our corsets and high collars, for before we can have beauty, we must have grace; before we can have grace, we must have complete freedom of motion. We must do away with all restrictions of foot and waist and throat before the natural symmetry of the body can be regained or preserved with all its delightful harmonies. We must learn to admire the body with all its natural spontaneous power and pliability, its capacity for action, its instinctive unhampered ease. We must

learn to despise the pititful restrictions which we have allowed fashion to put upon us. We must permit ourselves, with no loss of spirituality, to love physical beauty as the Greeks loved it, as artists and poets have always loved it, and to take a sane delight in the normal health and vigour and loveliness of the body. That delight, in turn, will enhance and nourish our spirituality; and he who takes care to have a clean, active, wholesome physique will be likely to have a clean, active, wholesome mind and soul as well. Our delight in physical beauty is a fine bloom of the spirit, just as physical beauty itself — loveliness of form and colour — is the fine bloom of bodily health. And beauty of form, let us remember, can no more subsist without freedom of air and exercise than beauty of colour can; they both result from perfect health, and are marks of a fine normal exuberance of being.

Hardly any decree of emancipation is more needed to-day than one for the liberating of the foot. We have dangerously enslaved our-

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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selves with uncomfortable footgear, and until we discard its perverting shackles, we can never fully realize our inheritance of joyousness in possession of the earth. We must be able to stand firmly but unrigidly, as the trees stand in the wind, nobly upheld, yet sensibly swayed by the least motion of our surrounding atmosphere, the least breath of inspiration, the least impulse of emotion. We must be able to move without thought or hindrance, as the animals move, as primitive man could move. We must be content with nothing less than a perfect foot, such as the antique statues have to show, such as belongs to Eastern dancing-girls and the unshod dwellers in tropic lands. How incongruous Cleopatra, or Ruth, or Helen of Troy, or the Queen of Sheba, would appear in modern shoes! And, more than that, their beauty would be actually impaired. All the marvellous grace, the simple strength, the fascination or the dignity which they must have possessed, would be dissipated as they tried

to move about in our uncomfortable modern dress. The glamour in which they hold our imagination even now would be lost. And it would be lost through bad motion, just as the fascination that an eagle's flight may exercise over us by its power and beauty would be lost if he should be suddenly crippled in a wing and come limping to earth. The spell of beautiful motion would be broken. He would seem no longer a wonderful creation, but merely a maimed and fluttering thing in the clutch of a sorry accident. We ourselves are in much the same case, when we maim at any point our natural freedom of body, our capacity for fine and beautiful activity.

Our gain from a physical emancipation, such as the loosening of our dress would secure, would be beyond belief; for we should gain not only in physical comfort, but in utter relief of spirit also; we should be able to inhale long drafts of happiness with every breath, taste the satisfaction of being normal, and feel the simple self-respect which comes

from living without affectation and in accord with the deep laws of our nature. It is not possible to be as serene and light-hearted, as the good God intended, while our bodies are fretted by ill-adapted clothing. No woman, I am sure, can be quite happy in the array which she is required to don for the social routine. To possess her soul with anything like equanimity, she must retire to dressing-gown and slippers, and if she be a bond-slave to fashion, she will suffer from nothing more completely than from her shoes.

The ideal shoe is a barefoot shoe, following the model of the naked foot, and disregarding entirely the wholly artificial models of fashionable wear. It will be made to fit the foot and to interpose the very least resistance to all the duties which the foot has to perform. It will be dedicated to service, not to affectation; and in that way it will attain a real artistic beauty such as can never invest the ludicrous patterns of footwear prescribed by unnatural fashion. It will meet the need

of the foot for protection and warmth, and yet allow as much ventilation as possible. Since it must adapt itself to work, it will have the utmost flexibility consistent with strength. It will differ from the ordinary shoe chiefly in three particulars: it will be heelless, it will be broad in the toe, and it will be low-cut.

If we take it for granted, as we surely may, that our walk becomes more graceful and easy and effectual the more nearly barefoot we can go, it follows that the ideal shoe will have the most pliable sole consistent with the protection required, and of an even thickness throughout. This matter of flexibility of the sole is of prime importance in securing and maintaining a good walk and carriage. Even the slight thickening of the sole to form "spring heels" interferes with good motion and should be avoided. The Indian moccasin is an ideal foot-covering in this respect; for although it is too soft and light to protect a sensitive foot against damp or rough travel,

it allows perfectly free play to that pliant roll of the foot always necessary to good walking. The entirely heelless shoe not only gives freedom of motion; it also compels the muscles of the toes and leg to keep the weight of the body poised over the balls of the feet, — the safest and sightliest balance either in walking or standing. It is a fundamental help to good motion and general poise, and it forces the finest development of leg muscles and enhances healthful activity, which the average conventional shoe makes almost impracticable.

With a disuse of heels must come a broadening of the toe of the shoe, for the following reason: When high heels are worn, all flexibility in the use of the foot is lost. Instead of being a pliant springy support, as it is naturally, the foot in its artificial covering becomes practically a single stump; and the most beautiful woman loses caste the moment she begins to walk, pegging along as if she were wooden from the knees down. As soon

as heels are discarded, however, we must take care to return to a normal walk; and a normal walk implies an increased use of the toes and the balls of the feet and a consequent strengthening of all the fore part of the foot, with a spreading and utilizing of the toes. So that a pointed-toe shoe, which may be bearable so long as the foot is used only as one might use a wooden foot well-jointed at the ankle, becomes intolerable as soon as we attempt to carry ourselves gracefully, bringing the balls of the feet and toes into proper use.

In addition to being without heels and giving complete freedom to the toes and balls of the feet, the ideal barefoot shoe will be low-cut. High laced or button shoes are worn for two reasons, both of which are erroneous. It is supposed that they give support to weak ankles and warmth to cold feet. As a matter of fact, they only aggravate those discomforts. They make the foot colder by weakening the surface reaction and interfer-

ing with the circulation, and they make the ankle weaker by hindering its exercise. Muscles are strengthened by use, not by support and disuse. The growing custom of keeping children in "spring-heel" shoes is excellent, so far as it goes; but they should always be low shoes with broad toes, and are better with no heels at all. It is the constricting repression of high, tightly buttoned shoes that gives to so many children and young girls wooden ankles, calfless shanks, and a flat-footed walk, where we might rightfully expect shapeliness, elasticity and grace. Sandals, of course, are excellent for the perfect ventilation and freedom they allow, though they may not always afford sufficient protection.

The normal muscular use of the feet in proper shoes will prevent "flat-foot." This painful malady, contrary to popular supposition, is invited rather than prevented by high heels and steel supports. The artificial prop and brace accustom the foot to depend upon their aid, and so gradually to lose rather

than gain strength; they really only aggravate the trouble and one who resorts to their help is sure to go from bad to worse. The wonderful arch of the foot breaks down through being misused, not through being overused. To bind it and support it only interferes with its natural muscular play; so that it becomes weakened and atrophied through disuse, as any member would under similar conditions. Whereas if it be properly used in an unrestricting shoe, all necessary exercise will strengthen it.

To change from high heels and arch-supporting shoes to free shoes, without transferring the poise of the body from the heels and arch and stiffened knees to the balls of the feet and toes and deftly flexed knees, is to precipitate "flat-foot" almost inevitably. And here lies the cause of discomfort and disaster arising from an unguarded change to gymnasium shoes, ballet shoes, tennis shoes, and heelless slippers or house shoes. Such change must be made with careful readjustment of

one's habits of motion in standing and walking, and even then is not unlikely to be attended with discomfort at first, as different and comparatively unused sets of muscles are brought into play. Of course, after damage has been done, the case is complicated, and the sufferer may need a surgeon's care.

The whole question of the beauty of the foot and the best use of the best shoes is inseparably bound up with the question of good walking and good carriage of the body, and consequently also with questions of health, of efficiency, of happiness for ourselves and usefulness to the world. It involves, too, the consideration of the subtle reflex influence of motion on the spirit and temper, on the temperament and mental attitude of the individual. A perfect foot is the beginning of beauty, as a fine cast of the head is its crowning attribute. Neither the vestal virgins nor the nautch-girls could ever have uplifted the spirit or charmed the senses, if their feet had been hampered and inadequate. Goddesses

would lose their majesty and angels their perfection, if anything should mar the beauty of their feet.

The tender curve and sensitive mobility of the sole of a beautiful foot is one of nature's subtlest beauties. A strong, soft, flexible rolling tread on the balls of the feet, letting them spread and contract freely with each step, keeping the heels almost wholly off the ground, and never allowing the weight of the body to fall back on the heels and spinal column, is the natural process for developing fine, straight feet, a genuine instep and calf of the leg, a neat ankle, and curves of power and spirit not only through the foot but throughout the whole body. This was the breeding that made shapely feet and legs to match the loveliest bodies of bygone times and gave us our traditions of the well-bred foot. A spontaneous, easy elegance in the carriage of the head depends upon elegance in the development and use of the feet. The absence of many wrinkles, the unanxious ease

of the whole body, our perfection of physical and personal development, our utmost usefulness and health, our entire symmetry and poise and vigour, depend largely upon our development and use of our feet. Nothing can exist or happen anywhere throughout the length and breadth of the body that is not influenced by the condition and use of the foot. The relation of the nervous system to the foot is often sorely realized. Few people have escaped experiencing the overwhelming demoralization, mental and spiritual as well as physical, that results from a hurting foot.

Speaking of Japanese workmen, Lafcadio Hearn says, "Nature has given him perfect feet that can spring him over fifty miles a day without pain; a stomach whose chemistry can extract ample nourishment from food on which no European could live; and a constitution that scorns heat, cold, and damp alike, because still unimpaired by unhealthy clothing, by superfluous comforts, by the habit of seeking warmth from grates and

stoves, and by the habit of wearing leather shoes.

"It seems to me that the character of our footgear signifies more than is commonly supposed. The footgear represents in itself a check upon individual freedom. It signifies this even in costliness; but in form it signifies infinitely more. It has distorted the Western foot out of the original shape, and rendered it incapable of the work for which it was evolved. The physical results are not limited to the foot. Whatever acts as a check, directly or indirectly, upon the organs of locomotion must extend its effects to the whole physical constitution. Does the evil stop even there? Perhaps we submit to conventions the most absurd of any existing in any civilization because we have too long submitted to the tyranny of shoemakers. There may be defects in our politics, in our social ethics, in our religious system, more or less related to the habit of wearing leather shoes. Submission to the cramping of the body must cer-

tainly aid in developing submission to the cramping of the mind."

After experimenting with footwear for many years, experience leaves one eager to impart this grain of knowledge, — that no material comfort can equal the luxury of a well-fitting, broad-toed, flexible, heelless shoe. Of course, the secret is that a good barefoot shoe enables us to walk naturally and to find in simple natural exercises not only health, but sanity and happiness as well. If I were a fairy and asked to bestow one gift on the man and woman of the twentieth century, I would give them each a pair of model shoes.

VIII

# The Art of Walking

THE delightful art of walking, the happy vagabondage which Stevenson and Whitman praised so well, the most innocent of pastimes, the simplest of exercises, is in danger of falling into disuse in our multiplicity of modern sports. Tennis, golf, bicycling, riding, yachting, motoring, all call us in their different ways in the pursuit of diversion or health, until the love of the open foot-road is become almost old-fashioned. Yet there they lie, all the highways and paths and trails running out from before our very feet to overlace the earth, to carry us whither we will, with all their old allurement of the golden age of gipsydom before steam carriages were invented

or electricity discovered. The art of walking may be temporarily outrivalled, but it cannot be lightly neglected, and the wise will always hold it in high esteem, — so primary a benefit is it, and so essential to all womanly elegance and manly dignity.

An idea that shall help us to walk well is to think of the walk as a moderated run rather than to think of the run as a modification of the walk. Fancy the Flying Mercury changing feet, and you have an ideal run. Fancy that run slackened in speed, and you have a godlike walk.

The run is, of course, the natural human gait whenever speed is required; and as the rate of speed is lowered, it passes by a gradual transition into the normal walk. The run is our legitimate highest form of locomotion, developed under the keen stress of the exigencies of life; and as such it represents our utmost efficiency of motion, and exhibits the most graceful economy of strength in action. As we watch it in children and in the games

of our athletic youth, the run lends a touch of glamour and additional charm to the beauty of the figure, altogether lacking in our starched and restricted demeanour; it carries us back to the days of freedom and sincerity. Our almost complete disuse of the run in civilization was inevitable, but none the less has surely been detrimental to the quality of our motion in general and to our walk in particular. As the ease and security of life increased, we became a race of walkers; and now as the means of transit are multiplied, we walk less and less. As a consequence of this decreased necessity for muscular effort, we have lost much of the spring and endurance which belong to us by natural right. There is the greater need, therefore, that such walking as we do should be done thoroughly well, since grace and beauty are only the fine flowers of motion and strength.

The mechanics of walking, like the science underlying any art, may not be as interesting as the art itself; yet it is none the less neces-

sary, if we would practise the art correctly. The first requisite of good walking is a good poise. If the body is well poised at each point of its motion, the motion itself must be good. The process of walking, which has been described as a series of falls, is, to be somewhat more accurate, a series of falls and recoveries, so insensibly merged that there is no saying where the fall ends and the recovery begins. In walking we are in a continuous state of changing equilibrium. We pass gradually from one position to another, yet should never be out of poise. We are playing with gravity. The instant we lose poise our step becomes a stumble, and we ourselves the sport of gravity, no longer its self-controlled masters. A good walker spins the earth deftly beneath his feet, as an acrobat in a circus spins a barrel or a painted ball.

This simile suggests something of the lightness and ecstasy to be acquired in walking, and gives us an imaginary guide for our motion so far as the feet are concerned. For

our other requisite of good walking, a proper carriage of the chest, a suggestion may be gained by balancing a stout pole about eight or ten feet long vertically from the chest. Of course an imaginary pole will do quite as well as a real one, if not better, for it will not interfere at all with the carriage of the head. Between these two attempts — the endeavour to keep the chest well lifted and carried forward, and the endeavour to keep the earth as far below us as possible — lies the achievement of good walking. Between these two diverse extremes we shall master that ease and strength of action which is so fascinating in all good motion, and attain a natural dignity of mien which no affectation can bestow.

Instruction in the exact technique of walking might be epitomized as follows: — From a normal standing position, with the greater part of the weight on one foot (the left, for example), slightly in advance of the right, lift the body gently on the balls of the feet and let it sway forward. As it sways c of

balance, the right leg will instinctively come forward to save it from falling. If this right leg be allowed to swing freely of its own weight, like a rope, sagging at the knee and slack at the ankle, and if at the same time the body be lifted high on the ball of the left foot, the right foot (the trailing end of the rope) will clear the ground as it swings past the left; and the first part of the foot to touch the ground in this first step will be, not the heel of the foot, but the ball, — the tip of the rope. The moment the ball of the right foot touches the ground, it resists, and receiving the weight of the body gently, with softly flexed knee, lowers it until the heel also touches the ground lightly, and the first step has been taken.

Meanwhile the forward impetus of the body has not been retarded, and the left leg is now swinging forward in its turn. The left foot must have room to swing clear of the ground; and, to meet that necessity, the body, which has just been lowered by the strong

muscles of the right leg and foot, must immediately be lifted again by those same muscles. The left leg swings to the front; the changing weight is again caught and lowered on the left foot; the second step has been taken, and the walk is under way.

If this rough analysis seems to overemphasize one or two crucial points in the walk, such as a greater use of the ankle joint and of the powerful lifting muscles of the calf of the leg and ball of the foot than we are accustomed to, it should be said that it is hardly possible to lay too much stress on the importance of these essentials. It is just in them that we generally fall short. To walk well, — indeed, to move well at all, — we need not only strength but strength well ordered; and nowhere is our locomotion so faulty and inefficient as in our use of the leg, the ankle and the foot.

Analysis makes clear the important part played by the strong, sensitive, flexible ball of the foot and toes, which spread and almost

grasp the earth as they exercise their exquisite control of balance and support,—a power which can never be exercised at all in narrow shoes. It also ensures the straight tread of the Indian; since, when the foot is swung forward freely and loosely in the direction in which we are going, it falls naturally parallel to our line of progress. The turned-out toe is insisted upon by dancing masters rightly enough, in consideration of an audience in front, to whom profile contours are more pleasing than straight lines, and because in dancing the body is constantly moving from side to side, and the leading foot should point in the direction in which the motion is to take place. The old military standing position, "heels together and toes out," which threw the weight upon the heels, was long permitted by instructors in gymnastics in class drill, for the purpose of facilitating diversity of exercise. In the normal walk, however, wherein we wish to go straight ahead, the turning out of the toes is an anomaly and should never be

taught. It ought to be clearly understood and carefully borne in mind that the standing position of the dancing-school is to be used only when specifically required, and that when it becomes habitual it leads to bad general poise, an awkward walk, and injurious physical results. That a wrong method of standing should be inculcated in schools of physical culture, simply to facilitate certain drill exercises, is unwarrantable, inasmuch as the establishing of good habits of general motion is more important than the artificial intricacies of any diverting or exhibitionary drill. If a drill necessitates bad poise at any time, then it is a bad drill and should be abandoned.

It will be noticed, also, that our description of ideal walking does not fit the requirements of the heel-and-toe walk as practised by athletes. That particular gait is an artificial one, and has been adopted for a specific reason. The natural walk, as has been said, is only a modified run, and lapses into the

run so gradually that the exact point of difference is not easily perceptible. The patent difference between a walk and a run is this, of course, that in the walk both feet are never off the ground at the same time. In order to render this difference perfectly plain and unquestionable in contests, athletes have required the heel-and-toe step, wherein the heel strikes the ground first. With this gait it is almost impossible to get sufficient spring to lift both feet from the ground at the same time, and so the possibility of the walker breaking into a run is almost nil. The tax on him, however, is something terrific. He hunches along, thumping on his heels, and almost dislocating his entire anatomy at every step. The racking strain to the whole system from such an abnormal locomotion is an intolerable violence to nature. Nature fitted us to run when we are in a hurry; and to push the slower gait quite beyond the limits of its intended use is to sin against the laws of nature and common sense. Like any other vio-

lence, it can only be injurious and wasteful of energy; and being so harmful, it cannot but be ungraceful. Nothing is more ungainly and less pleasant to watch than a heel-and-toe contest. Yet this discordant method of walking, only less furious in speed, is the one we use every day, almost without exception. It is a slovenly habit, only too readily acquired through muscular inefficiency, disordering footgear, or heedless imitation or laziness.

Our fashions prescribe one ridiculous manner of walking and then another year after year, but almost no one thinks it worth while to learn to walk normally. There can be no uniform fashion of good walking. The normal walk is not a matter of caprice, but of art; it lends itself to the infinite varieties of character, and becomes in each instance expressive of the individual; so that we recognize and even interpret a man by his gait as easily as by his voice. Both are unmistakably characteristic of him and could belong to no one else. A friend is known by his step be-

fore he crosses the threshold. Words may be marshalled and pressed into the service of falsehood, and may deceive the unwary; but our tones and motions are more instinctive, less deliberate, and will betray us in spite of ourselves to any keen observer. No two voices are alike, nor any two walks, but every one in his own person — in bearing, demeanour, speech, gesture and motion — is the manifestation of a distinct personality and cannot be identical with another. To try to assume, therefore, any capricious mode of speech or any affected fashion of walking is fruitless; it is easier to change the part which destiny has set us to play than to conceal the individual characteristics she has given us to play with.

On the stage, along Fifth Avenue, in our drawing-rooms, at our summer resorts, what innumerable examples of ugly walking and ungainly carriage one sees! Women who flop, and wiggle, and hump, and mince, and lope, and stride, and hardly ever one who

walks like an immortal human being! One sees well-bred girls stumping along a country road in thick-soled men's shoes, affecting a so-called manly stride, because they fancy it seems athletic, and because it is considered "smart" to be mannish. Even so, they are far from manliness; they imitate the gross, uncultivated motion which bespeaks a low type of physicality characteristic of the pugilist and the roustabout; and of course they only succeed in looking ridiculous. Though they may be pretty girls, their affectation of a manner and motion not native in them — not characteristic and unconscious and expressive of themselves — makes them ludicrous. It is not necessary to be a man in order to be strong and healthy; and it is impossible to be graceful and affected at the same time.

In justice, it ought to be added that many men make the same mistake of affecting a walk that does not belong to them. It is, perhaps, one of the lesser follies of an imitative youth, when we long to play a part in the

world, and must ape this or that ideal of our busy imagination. But, as Browning says, —

"Best be yourself, imperial, plain and true."

And no walk can be normal or beautiful which does not belong distinctively to its user, which is not just as inseparably his own or her own as the expression of the eyes. The infinite and distinguishing varieties of walk depend on the infinitely varied proportions of length of limb and strength of muscle and quality of energy in different persons.

Many a capable actor fails of his effect by not knowing the inalienable meaning of motion and the significance of a walk. Wishing to impress us with a sense of dignity, he often comes strutting and stamping on high heels, quite forgetting that true dignity is easy, reposeful, assured, and elastic, not assertive nor unyielding; and that the jarring thump of his heel-hitting tread is enough to shatter any possible illusion of majesty or elegance. Real majesty of bearing is not to be assumed easily.

It appears only as the cloak and habit of true majesty of character, — thorough worth and nobility of heart.

A distinguished American critic, who witnessed the coronation ceremony at Westminster, has declared that Queen Alexandra in that assemblage of younger and more dazzling beauties, held an unquestionable supremacy of royal elegance and grandeur by her every movement of unassuming, unaffected dignity. It was said of Adelaide Neilson that to see her walk was like listening to exquisite music, so well rhythmed and eloquent was her motion. Madame Duse's greatest preëminence as an artist is her genius of mobility, her wonderful capacity for expression through motion and pose. Majestic motion was never more wonderfully exemplified than in Salvini's walk in the character of Othello. Though he played the part in bare feet, his tread was impressive with a dignity that no high-heeled boot would permit. It was simply an untrammelled expression or

revelation of the dignity of character of which the man himself was capable; and that capacity, that quality of innate dignity, required only natural transmission, translation from feeling into motion, to give it astounding power. The great actor must be equally a master of good motion and of speech, since motion is quite as important a medium of expression as voice.

To ensure good normal walking the freedom of the foot is the first essential, but no less essential is the freedom of the entire body; for walking brings every muscle into play, and the whole torso and head have to be controlled and mobilized every moment through the strong muscles of the neck and trunk. This needs freedom of the waist and throat, as well as of the foot and ankle; and when we realize the values of breathing and the increased use of the lungs and diaphragm necessitated by walking, the need for this freedom becomes imperative. The spread of cultivated taste in matters of art has shown us

how unbeautiful the deformed waist and pointed foot really are, in themselves and in their effects upon poise and personal expression, — how pitiably deficient compared with the superb strength of the Winged Victory or the ideal sufficiency of the Venus of Melos. How magnificent the Victory is in her loose-girdled bearing, seeming almost to tread on air, — the very embodiment of the soul of walking arrested for an age-long instant in mid-glory!

How shall we regain such power and perfection of grace and beauty? How attain that fine-poised loveliness of body which the old Greeks left recorded for us in their sculpture as standard of physical excellence? Surely not by the use of corsets and cosmetics, but perhaps by cultivating as they did all the bodily faculties in a life including free muscular activity and physical art. The Greeks were the finest exponents of physical culture, because they saw its fundamental relation to total culture, and held it in the honour which

is its due. They respected physical beauty just as instinctively as all natural men and women respect it. They had not been inoculated with that false and shameful asceticism which sprang up in the Dark Ages and cast its blight over the sacred natural joy of life. They knew well the inherent dependence of beauty of form upon loveliness of spirit, and cultivated each with assiduous care. Their love of beauty was only another phase of their eager and undarkened love of truth. Their devotion to athletics sprang consistently from their feeling for art, and their eminence in art in turn was fostered and enriched by that very untrammelled devotion.

It will be so in our own case. We shall grow gradually nearer perfection of physical strength and beauty, as we live more and more nearly in accordance with our best instincts, putting away shams, discarding prejudices, and throwing off the tyranny of whatever impositions are too rigid and hampering for fine personal development. No small part of this

just, profitable and very becoming liberation of the spirit, this delightful enhancement of personality, will come to us through securing the utmost perfection and service of the simple and practicable art of good walking.

## XX

# Dancing as a Fine Art

WHEN David danced before the Lord he was making use of one of the most primitive methods for giving vent to the joyous energy that was in him. That natural expression of vigorous gladness was so common that it could not but find a place in all early ceremonials and religious rites. When Salome danced before Herod at his birthday feast, her triumph was tribute to the facile power of her art.

Though we have abandoned the use of dancing in our sober, more intellectual religion, the tendency to express heights of feeling in rhythmic motion shows itself in almost any perfervid religious revival among simple and

unrestrained people. And a resort to patting and drums, to kneeling and bowing and singing as a means of freeing the spirit and an elevation toward holiness, is by no means extinct. We still make use of rhythm for the inducement of mood, though we fail to give it scientific recognition or to regulate it as a legitimate aid.

That an art so potent and subtle as dancing should often have been turned to ill account was to have been expected, yet that was hardly a sufficient reason for condemning it without reserve and banishing it to the limbo of the forbidden. So strong and delicate an instrument for influencing personality and arousing emotion ought rather to be treated with tenacious respect and made the object of a wise and fostering care. We do not ban electricity because it is dangerous, nor shun the service of fire because it is terrible and destructive when unmastered. So with the arts; those great and primordial manifestations of psychic energy are to be guarded, indeed, with

every wise precaution, but they are none the less to be used most gratefully for forwarding and facilitating the pu[illegible] of human life in its struggle toward happiness and wisdom. Like the elements of outward nature, they are the Titanic ministers of man, rendering incalculable aid when properly employed, and equally incalculable harm when left to operate in a wayward and unregulated manner. To make them outcasts from our world of activity is mere childish petulance; to the mature and sane mind they must always seem worthy not only of use but of study and honour. While ever alive to their baleful possibilities, we should still rejoice without stint in the exercise of their legitimate powers, and cherish them with loving reverence. To do this is only to make the most of our native endowments, — the resources of the great unknown universe of being from which we are sprung. To neglect it is surely to be foolish and cowardly and inept in dealing with the vital forces of creation which have been given

into our hands. The artist in life need feel no panic in the presence of the gods; for though it becomes him to go modestly and without presumption, he is after all in the house of his kindred, and while the lords of being have little liking for undue assurance, they have less for cringing timidity.

The reinstating of dancing in its rightful place among the liberal and humanizing arts is greatly to be desired, and any tendency in that direction is most welcome. The practice of the art as developed in the modern ballet is admirable so far as it goes; its semi-popularity proves how universal and ineradicable our love of expressive motion is, how eagerly we respond to its appeal, and how gladly we encourage it to beautiful achievement, even when it dwindles to bleak artificiality and conventionalization. But the modern ballet is only a stiffened relic of the art of dancing compared to what may be accomplished in reviving it as a popular amusement and restoring it to its lawful position of honour and

enthusiastic pride in people's hearts as one of their loveliest and most salutary pleasures.

Motion as an art includes the walk, but it only reaches its highest achievement in dancing. Walking is primarily a utilitarian procedure, with other aims and purposes beside personal expression; its expressive intent is secondary. Dancing, on the contrary, is quite superfluous from the utilitarian point of view; it has no practical service in view; its sole purpose is the expression of feeling. In the first instance, it is the mere physical instinctive manifestation of pleasure, a mute but unmistakable indication of the gladness of life. Later, it becomes more complex, coherent, articulate and intelligible; it serves not only as a vent for an impulsive ebullition of animal spirits, but as an avenue for the definite expression of varied emotions, — it serves as a means to convey their infection and fascination to others; and it takes its appropriate place among the fine arts as one of the

most charming and winsome dialects in the language of ecstasy.

The artistic dancer uses bodily motion as a poet uses words, as a musician uses tones, as a painter uses colours, — as an appeal not so much to our reason as to our sense and spirit, — as a means of enlivening and gladdening our nature, making us more sensitive to beauty, more spontaneous in glad emotion, more sane and balanced in general well-being. This service of harmonizing us with ourselves, freeing us from irritation and fatigue and discordant vexation, is what art always does for us, and what dancing does most wholesomely when properly cultivated. As it shares with the other arts the right to be called liberal and fine, it deserves an equally important place in our education, our social life, our serious regard.

That dancing is the legitimate sister of Music and Poetry is indisputable. Her birthright is not less authentic than theirs, nor her origin less divine, while the realm of her in-

heritance lies more within the enjoyment of all. If not the wisest of the immortal nine, she is the gayest, most human, debonair, and alluring. To the sorceries of her rhythmic motion, to the silent but inescapable witcheries of her melting curves, to the languid or impassioned glamour that she weaves, every son of man is responsive. She alone shares with her twin-born Music the power to charm the wildest heart, and foster even in the rudest mind some elements of civility. Poetry may enlarge our horizon, making us serene and wise; architecture may remind us of the spacious nobility and order of the universe; painting and sculpture may help us to a more vivid delight in the colour and form and loveliness of the world; and acting may stir our sympathy with its mimic follies and woes; but dancing is preëminently the preceptress of unmitigated joy. She is the epitome of happy moments, embodying the innocent abandon of our unrestrained rapture. The hours sacred to her are those

which are free from care. It is to her that we instinctively turn when the soul leaps for gladness. It is she who teaches us that perfect fusion of sense and spirit, without which no art is possible and no life is fortunate. She personifies that creative rapture which was in the beginning, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Terpsichore is not only the Muse of dancing, but the goddess of all motion. She presides over dancing mote and whirling leaf, as well as over the jig and the minuet. The wheeling hawk hanging on balanced wings above some dark ravine, the fleet innumerable droves of the sea that glimmer and dart through their dusky silent firmament, the clever tumblers in the circus, the happy children in the street keeping time to the hurdy-gurdy, the flying thistle seed, the drifting snow, the sand that travels in the tide, and the recurring planets in their vast career, — all are biddable devotees of her cult, paying

obedience to her mighty law, whose first obligation is poise, whose final realization is freedom. For poise is ever the first step toward perfection, as significant beauty is the last. To follow her commandments, keeping proper time, proper force and form, in every motion we create, is to bring ourselves, body and spirit and understanding, hourly into happier accord with the orderly rhythms of infinitude. By so doing we lose timidity and strangeness and distrust of ourselves; we learn number, proportion, accuracy, skill; and we become assured, gracious, composed and glad. For art not only holds the keys to the realm of beauty, but to the realms of knowledge and benevolence as well. This is the truth which every artist divines, and which all must one day come to perceive.

We have lost much of our respect for the pure fine art of dancing, because we have allowed it to become debased and corrupted. When the Puritan put the blight of his anathema upon it, he worked an almost irrevocable

injury. That was one of the enormities with which his soured righteousness afflicted the earth, one of the ill effects of his narrow bigotry which we are left to undo. Dancing might be put out of countenance for a time, but no fanaticism could irrevocably overthrow a genuine deep and beneficent human activity. For dancing is more than a custom; it is not confined to any race or civilization; it is native to man; it answers a primary need in his being, — an ineradicable necessity for self-expression; and like all the arts it has an unquestionable, almost mysterious, power to influence his life. It must, therefore, take its lawful position again and be honoured as it was in other times, when it had its due place in sacred ceremonial as well as in daily life. Not that we need revive the dance as a religious rite, but we must recognize, just as the ancients did, just as the savages still do, the religious element inherent in motion, and its great power in the spiritual realm. Having, as it surely has, so potential an influence for

good or ill, surely we are bound to cultivate, liberate, refine and ennoble it, in order that we may generally practise it, and may be cultivated, liberated, refined and ennobled by it in turn. The wise and loving practice of an art is the making of the artist.

As dancing comes to be revived among us, restored to its lawful standing, it must resume its place in our regard as one of the most delightful of pastimes and beneficial of recreations. It is peculiarly fitted to become a distinctive national amusement with Americans; its grace and spirit and gaiety should supply a most becoming exercise for our buoyant and volatile exuberance. We might have dancing clubs, just as we now have tennis clubs. It might become as great a distinction to excel as a dancer as it is now to excel in golf or baseball.

Dancing as an exercise is more desirable than most sports, for the simple reason that it is an art as well as an exercise, and the practice of it cannot but be more helpful and sat-

isfying than the pursuit of sports which are more wholly physical in their requirements. Most of our sports and playgrounds demand accuracy, skill, bodily vigour, and even such temperamental characteristics as patience and good nature; they cannot, however, afford an outlet and avenue of expression for the higher personality, nor a means for its cultivation, such as the arts always supply. Athletics generally leave one side of our nature, the spiritual or emotional side, entirely unexercised. That is why our young college giants are often so persistently mere huge and graceless barbarians. They have given themselves with commendable diligence to the cultivation of thews and brawn, daring and endurance, and after all they are only fit for the arena; they have none of that grace and nobility of person which were so prized by the Greeks, — none of that imposing beauty which motion, when infused with the aspirations of the spirit, can do so much to develop, and which uninspired motion can so easily destroy.

It seems a pity that so beautiful an art, so delightful an amusement, should be relegated to formal dress occasions and not enjoyed much more frequently on the spur of any happy moment. A moderate amount of good dancing would be enough to keep women in health, to say nothing of its value for mental stimulation and balance. And there can be no mo e ideal and practically salutary exercise and recreation for children and adults than barefoot dancing, practised in unrestricting cleanly clothing, and with only the simplest sandal protection for the otherwise bare feet, — a pastime in which no pointed shoe, no hampering garment, increases the difficulty of delightful achievement, nor detracts from its benefit. Such dancing gives bodily and emotional freedom and nervous relief as well as stimulus to expression within the limits of orderly beauty; it helps to legitimate and happy expenditure of restless activity; it leads to lines of pleasurable benefit energies which might otherwise be either un-

reasonably repressed or vented in uncouth violence and discordant noise.

We are all of us very much in the same boat, and often are not much wiser than children, nor much more capable of helping ourselves. We think the heavens are unkind, the tangle of life impossible, and ourselves in some dire extremity of woe or complication, when in reality all we need is a touch of inspiring, harmonizing, and genuinely recuperative exercise. The elation to be gained from freeing our manacled bodies and refreshing them with some beautiful and happy motion is almost unbelievable.

A few years ago in New York a number of women gave a Greek dance as a studio performance for the entertainment of their friends. In the freedom of the classical costume, the sandalled foot and loosely robed figure, they found unexpected opportunity for natural and expressive motion. Their undertaking became a delight they had never dreamed of, revealing to them the ecstasy of

free and spontaneous mobility which belongs to all natural things, and which man alone has seen fit to deform and cripple and defraud. Their pleasure was something more than the simple physical exhilaration of exercise; they were touched with the divine fire of inspiration, the primal creative impulse which all artists know. This was their memorable return for a few hours given to the glad art of dancing.

More recently Miss Duncan and Miss St. Denis have demonstrated the imperishable interest we all must have in dancing as a fine art. Their practical success in barefoot dancing should be a substantial encouragement to the culture and pursuit of the art for its own valuable sake. Their performances were open to criticism naturally, but the spirit of their undertaking cannot be too much praised. Miss St. Denis has still a good deal to learn about the meanings of motions and the making of magic, but it must be remembered in her favour that there is almost no one from

whom she could learn these secrets. Her dancing lacks sorcery and charm as yet, power to fascinate as well as to astonish; she has the cleverness which arouses interest and makes one admire, but not the touch of rapture which would carry one away, as all competent art should. She has, in other words, an excellent technique, a plastic mobility, but no passion and no adequate mastery of the expressional values of various motions. So that while her dancing may dazzle by its brilliance, it cannot enthrall. Nevertheless her intelligent and unaided endeavour in an almost deserted field of art was most admirable and worthy of all its success.

For several years Wellesley College has been giving a pictorial dance at each Commencement. In these interpretive dances, which are held out-of-doors in the beautiful grounds of the college, the parts are all taken by the students; and, while not a recognized part of the academic procedure, it might well become as settled a custom as the yearly Se-

nior Dramatics among the students of Smith. Such extra-academic performances, which afford means of actual training in the arts, are likely to be of far more value to the student than a great deal of her theoretic knowledge acquired in "Arts Courses," which are not courses in art at all.

Dancing in its finest development, with all its scope, bewitchment, power, and satisfactions, has nearly become one of the lost arts; but instances of a reviving interest in it here and there point to a hopeful future when one of the most lovely of the arts shall come to its own again, bringing back solace and gaiety and innocent ardour to an overmentalized world.

# The Music of Life

A BRILLIANT woman once said to me, "Life without abandon, to me is a dance without music." And I knew instantly what she meant, with that delight one always feels in the perception of a fresh statement of truth.

It was a poet's phrase, and as all good poetry will, it illumined the mind at once with a radiant conviction, and left itself in the memory as a perpetual word of wisdom. Every day everywhere I am constantly having it borne in upon me how true the saying is; and as I hear of incidents in the lives of my friends, or of their friends, and as I watch the expression of men and women going by me in the street or gathered in public places,

light-hearted with elation or depressed with complaining, I find myself repeating, not without something of the resigned detachment of the philosopher, "Life without abandon is a dance without music."

But what do we mean by abandon? I mean a free and unrestrained yielding of oneself, at any given moment, to the best promptings of the instinct, the reason, and the spirit, — a happy and ready accepting of the best dictates of conscience, the delicate monitions of kindliness and taste. We commonly speak of an abandoned person, in the evil sense of the word, as one wholly given over to the control of the baser passions,— one in whom the malign forces which dwell in humanity have gained another of their sorry victories. And just as such a one goes down-hill with ever-increasing speed, unchecked by fear or hesitation or scruple, so one who consciously yields with a happy abandon to the beneficent and goodly powers at work in human per-

sonalities may mount to heights of developed manhood or womanhood by a sheer momentum of reasonable joy. It is not the part of abandon to falter or shuffle or count the cost, nor to be laggard in well-doing nor lukewarm in appreciation. To be potent in abandon and to cultivate it is to be instant in action, generous in deed, confident of resource, and possessed by an invincible faith in the ultimate triumph of all that is just, beautiful, and kindly in life.

One who lives with abandon lives with nobility, sincerity, and freedom. The deep wells of life are inexhaustible, and those who draw from their sweet waters most lavishly are most sure of being sustained and refreshed. It is only the timorous and mean and calculating who ever imagine those magic springs can run dry, or fancy there are narrow limits to human possibilities. When the dandelions fail to reappear with the spring-time, when the fogs cease to blow over

the face of the sea, the sources of mortal knowledge and aspiration may also cease and fail, but not till then.

It is so easy to distinguish where music has gone out of a life, and where it still lingers with its enrapturing possession of the personality! Here go by, the dejected mien, the dispirited walk, the drooping shoulders and slovenly gait, the eyes bent upon the ground, the head bowed in hopelessness; these are they who for one cause or another have lost the first fine abandon which is the natural heritage of every mortal born into a beautiful world; they have ceased to make magic music in their personalities; and while they still go through the motions of living, they are scarcely more than automata moving to a joyless mechanical rhythm, creatures of routine, puppets dancing without a tune. Pity them, for they are the unfortunates of the great army of triumphant humanity, — not only the deserters and stragglers from the ranks, but the weak, the ignorant, the ill-ad-

vised, the wayward, who have somehow strayed beyond the sound of the fifes and drums and go plodding on out of step and forlorn, perhaps wilfully searching for freedom, perhaps only vainly looking for rest, and never guessing that all their wayfaring must be bound in misery unless they can recover the strain of that high inspiriting music they have lost, and which somewhere far in the van is still calling them to enthusiastic allegiance, still marking an irresistible beat for their steps to follow.

If there are many in whom the music of life is hushed or jangled, there are more in whom it is resonant and alluring still. For among the multitude of the silenced tuneless personalities, pace for pace with the discordant and disheartened, moves the splendid company of confident men and spirited women, those who walk with springing step and uplifted chest, with dancing eyes and traces of rapture in their bearing. They may not always be radiant with rejoicing, they

may even be sorely touched by natural sorrow, but in any case they carry themselves with a freedom and intensity, with an alertness and vibrancy, that bespeak the undefeated soul and the mind still free from the blight of dissonance and disillusion. One sees at a glance that they have not surrendered to misfortune, nor been tainted by any inward corruption of fear or despair or ruthless cruelty. If black pessimism has ever whispered in their ears, it has not been able to mark them for its own. For them the bands are still playing enlivening airs, as the human pageant files along in its tatterdemalion celebration of living. Whether they be going afoot or on horseback, in velvet or in rags, seems to matter but lightly to them. The one great fact is that they are filled with the music of life. Never having allowed themselves to become unstrung, their resonant personalities are still played upon in the rapturous harmonies of beneficent, joyous being.

Music of life is everywhere, and those who

have apprehended its presence in themselves and in others are in possession of an invaluable knowledge. It must always seem to them of the first importance to maintain their power of abandon, of rapture, of resonance, at all hazards, let their actual fortune be what it may. They will make any sacrifice, forego any material advantage, disrupt any bondage, to save their natural responsiveness, — their zest, their vibrancy, their faculty of individually reëchoing to the concord of existence. To be out of tune with themselves and incapable of sharing in the mighty music of human life, whether that music be glad or sad, sorry or triumphant, must appear to them as the greatest of human misfortunes, for they will truly apprehend such injury and deterioration as a fatal beginning of death.

Abandon in life — vivacity, animation, ardour — is like music in that it gives and demands enlarged scope and freedom for action, and introduces us into an ideal world, where the will may find free play without harm,

where "nothing beautiful is extravagant, nothing delightful unworthy." Those who walk the world in a cloak of unsurrendered rapture, however worn and threadbare their actual garments may be, are in possession of ampler opportunities and enjoy purer and more generous rewards than any unfair extravagance can command. They always have hope and faith and charity, because by some means they always keep attuned to unpolluted life, to nature, to the world, to society, to truth and beauty, and never permit themselves to be severed from the great choral unison of fellow beings, nor cease from bearing part in the divine vibrancy of living. They may have griefs in plenty and adversities without end, but they will not live in tuneless despair, they will not become passive automata ruled by rote. Dance they must, and they refuse to dance without music.

This metaphor of the musicalness of life is applicable to many things. The music of wealth is the freedom it gives us, the power

of realizing our generous impulses immediately and without hindrance, as in an ideal world. The music of night is its space and mystery and the liberation it offers the spirit from the unimaginative limitations of the day. They miss its music who do not yield to that fascination of vast majestic leisure and solemnity, as those miss the music of wealth who carry on their affairs, on whatever scale, in a spirit of penurious fretful timidity, without ever hearing the melody of spontaneous generosity and the greater harmony which would arise from making the utmost use of their resources, whatever they may be. The music of a great festival like Christmas is the spirit of renewed joy and kindliness which it celebrates. We miss that music altogether if we allow ourselves to make a burden of the day through petty selfishness or pride or greed, if we are unwilling to take pains for the enjoyment of others, if we let ourselves grow disgusted from a few hours' shopping, if we fear to give the little that we can afford

joyously, or if we demand material excesses. Great and worthy music is not produced without care and thought, nor sustained without effort.

The music of life is written in the key of the ideal, in the time of the possible, and with the cadences of personality. To be without ideals is to be incapable of appreciating or reproducing this magic music. Its very source is ideality, its whole aim is to make use of the encouragement we derive from imaginary perfection, and to bring happiness actually to pass. Its rhythm, therefore, must not be impossible of performance; for ideals which are incapable of any practical realization are hardly ideals properly, but only fancies and phantasmagoria of the fertile mind. Moreover, it is only when the music of life shows a personal cadence, only when it is modified by this or that personality, that it has individual interest and significance. Personal cadence is what transforms the music of life into popular (or unpopular) melody.

Abandon in life finds its most opportune and appropriate field in the middle realm of the spirit, midway between high-pitched thought and low-tensioned physicality. True, it has its affinities, its roots and blossoms, in both these regions; it could not be born without taking thought of some object for an ardour and enthusiasm to attach to, and it could not be maintained without some pleasurable realization; but its service belongs chiefly to the emotional world. As the human voice shows its rarest beauty in the middle register, so the music we make of our lives shows its loveliest qualities when it is modulated to the compass and solace of the soul, between the extremes of attenuated thought and crude sensation. It can afford to make sparing use both of the deepest bass notes of the senses and the keen, thin treble of mentality. In the generous middle octaves where the chords of the heart are strung, it finds its most congenial and potential sphere, and while daring to sound all notes throughout the range of be-

ing, uses most successfully and frequently those that are most sympathetic to human weal and woe.

This does not mean, however, that any melody can ever be made in the music of life without the command of the whole gamut. The low strong notes, when needed, are indispensable to give force and body; the fine high notes to give clarity, definition and finesse. It is hardly possible to feel the abandon of life without giving it some expression in voice or gesture, in speech or conduct, and without being influenced by it in imagination and thought. It is vital to the very essence of abandon that it should be shared by the whole personality without restriction. A strange sort of abandon that would be which stopped short with the impulse and never found vent in actual expression, nor ever had any effect on our ideas! Persons may accentuate one tone or another in human relationships, they may chiefly exchange thought or offer sympathy, but not magnetically or mu-

sically until the whole personality is harmoniously represented in the intercourse. You may form an acquaintanceship in a distant place by correspondence, but there can be no true fellowship or friendship until you meet eye to eye and hand to hand. The primitive wholesome instinct of the senses must be satisfied, as well as the more tenuous requirements of spirit and intelligence, for in its sphere and at its best it is quite as fastidious and trustworthy as they.

Thus it is that men drink together to bind a bargain, or shake hands upon a transaction. The discussion of the subject and the final agreement to which it leads are mere processes of understanding, where personal bias need play no part. But after the terms have been settled, and if the men feel a liking for each other, they instinctively turn to some natural physical expression of their unanimity and good fellowship; there is a relaxation of insistence; the senses begin to beg for their part in the compact; then the glasses

are filled and, "Here's luck to the venture!" They find gladness in that abandon and become participants in the music to which the world goes round. Or the music may only find vent in the altered tones of the voice. After hours spent in strenuous discussion, where brows are knit in close attention, where tones are high-pitched and looks intent, when a settlement is reached the tenseness of atmosphere is relieved at once; voices, looks, manners change and become free, glad, spontaneous and attuned.

So, too, in affairs of the heart, as our grandsires called them, there is no assurance of a happy concord short of the ultimate test; and many a marriage has proved a pitiable disaster because the consenting mind and spirit led the senses blindfold into a relation from which they revolted without compromise. There is no foretelling the preference of instinct, and in these sacred matters, to do violence to instinct because of any supposed obligation to duty or advantage or self-interest

is an abhorrent wrong punishable by death, — sometimes death of the body, sometimes death of the soul. How often, too, — perhaps how much more often — the opposite calamity occurs, when the too eager and willing senses find themselves responding to a seemingly kindred individual, only to discover when too late that there could be no harmony of feeling or understanding. Nature has arranged that the body shall know its own kith and kin, as the mind and soul know theirs, with an instinct that is imperious and unequivocating. It is this possibility of divergence between sense and spirit that works such havoc in our destinies, unless we learn at least to try to introduce some rational unison among our correlated but only half reconciled powers through their appropriate and symmetrical education.

" But after all," you will ask, " are not folk born with their characters and temperaments already formed? Can one change personality? Can those who are naturally morose

ever become cheerful, or the sullen become sunny of temper?"

It is taking a great deal for granted, perhaps, to say that these seeming miracles can be wrought. And yet what else is education, but a process of forming character and moulding personality? If education did nothing but inform the mind it would be but a doubtful good. The chief function of life, perhaps, is to change and modulate personality, — to evoke its beneficent qualities and restrain its dangerous deflections, to cultivate it, to complete it, to perfect it in potentiality and poise. To doubt the teachableness of the soul is to be guilty of the ultimate skepticism. You or I may be stolid and inflexible, tenacious of our own wills, refusing to learn wisdom of experience, to grow in grace as we grow in years, but the spirit of man is not so intractable. Our stolidity may be a matter of fear or small vanity or dulness of mind. But the spirit of humanity is, in the long account, glad, gracious, malleable, fearless, and

eager. It unfolds itself to seek new knowledge, as the leaves unfold themselves upon the hills to take the winds of spring.

Would you be counted among the music-makers of life, among the company of the joyous and triumphant whom all their fellows welcome and no destiny can defeat? I know only one way of attaining to that happy state of being, if we have it not, — the way in which everything is accomplished, — and that is by deliberate endeavour. It requires most careful procedure throughout the three distinct though inseparable registers of living. As the first req site to tunefulness in a musical instrument is resonance, so the first requisite to tunefulness in a personality is responsiveness of character. There is needed the ready and open spirit, willing and eager to respond in harmony when played upon by life, by beauty, by companionship, — glad to reply with alert appreciation to every kindly advance, every beneficent influence. We contribute to the music of life or not, as we will.

It is first of all a matter of volition and spirituality. The soulless being could make no human music.

After the voluntary desire comes the need of mental attunement, and in this we gain help by keeping ourselves surrounded by the masters. The culture of books and art familiarizes us with the best music of life that has been made throughout the centuries. Wherever there is a fine picture or building or statue to be seen, or any beautiful product of craftsman's skill, there is a trace of its creator's personality, — a record of the music he could make out of life. The Æneid is not only the story of the founding of Rome, it is the musical score of Virgil's noble personality, left for our happiness and encouragement, to tell us how serene a strain, how glad and prosperous a harmony, that exquisite mortal was capable of, and how well he could accord with his own world and time. So, too, of any sincere work of art, — Paradise Lost, the Sistine Madonna, The Ring and the

Book, the famous Ninth Symphony, Whistler's portrait of his mother, the Winged Victory, the Taj Mahal, — the many thousand vestiges of itself that the joyous creative impulse has left upon the earth. These are so many rhapsodies of significant and delightful melodies struck by original composers from the mighty medium of existence, and bequeathed to their fellows as possessions of incalculable value for ever. Their worth cannot be measured, for their influence is untold, and to nothing can we give many hours more profitably than to their study and enjoyment. Yet must our enjoyment and our study be without envy or servility, for each one of us may be, indeed must be, a creator in some sort. A delightful garden, a lovely home, a well-served meal, or an arrangement of fresh flowers in a stone jug, may be our contribution to the loveliness and happiness of the world, and serve as our message of joyance to those around us.

Much has been written of bedside books

for the late hours of candle-light, — books of solace and peace suitable to induce rest and invite sleep to uneasy brains. But there should be morning books on the same shelves, volumes of inspiration and tonic cheer for our waking hours, when the spirit is unstrung and the mind unattuned. A brave, courageous thought or a happy inspired fancy when we first open our eyes, strikes a fine key-note for the soul to vibrate to, and helps us to set out upon the old road again to a quickstep. Can one read an essay of Emerson's or a lyric of Wordsworth's without hearing the fifes and flutes begin to sound, or turn a page of Marcus Aurelius without thrilling as to a bugle-call? And will not a passage from Isaiah or The Leaves of Grass lift up one's head like a roll of drums? Surely a day begun on such a note must come to a more tranquil, happy, brave and successful conclusion than one begun in a haphazard or discordant strain. While without this assistance we might take up the work of the day in a

dumb silence or sadly out of tune, by the potent aid of such suggestive themes we should be enabled to go gladly about our affairs, making a music of contentment within ourselves, vibrant, hopeful, and possessed.

There is a third requisite, however, to be secured, before any harmonious rhythmic music can issue from these wondrous personalities of ours, and that is perfection of physique. We cannot all have equally beautiful bodies, but we can all make the utmost of those we have, and by right care and culture make them sufficiently wholesome, plastic, and expressive to serve our needs. Without such care and training, we shall have only a marred and uncomely instrument at our command for the spirit to play upon. The soul may be never so eager and responsive, the mind never so receptive and cultivated, they must still be foiled in the making of the best music, any vibrant personal melody, if the body is ill or weak or hampered by restraint, or restricted by habit. All our exuberance

and wisdom must be given a free and normal physicality through which to express themselves before their expression can become adequate, effective, and vibrant, — before the personality of which they form the inward part can create its own *motif* in life. Their generous, impulsive abandon, their spontaneous gladness or sorrow, their impassioned ecstasy or doubt, will be stifled and mutilated if forced to find their only vent through an ill-conditioned, insensitive or immobile body. Not even a god could play upon a checked and broken reed.

All these things are within the reach of every man and woman to accomplish in some measure. Any one surely can cultivate a cheerful responsiveness of spirit. Any one can own at least one wise book. Any one can command enough exercise and fresh air and cold water to ensure bodily health and comeliness. And yet out of such few and simple elements as these may the immortal music of life be evolved, — a little happiness of heart,

a little understanding, and a modicum of care of these sensitive instruments on which we are to play.

When some measure of this reconciliation has taken place in any personality, how capable of delightful melody it becomes, — how responsive to an innocent and happy abandon! Then, indeed, is the fine music of life made possible. Then, indeed, may that thrice fortunate individual give thanks to the gods, for the music-makers in life are superior to circumstance. Possessed of so lovable a talent, so indestructible an asset, they are everywhere welcome for a charm that is never outworn. Whether they be wise or foolish, calamity cannot embitter them, nor age render them unlovely. Having once become thus attunable, life plays upon them with all its infinitely variable phases, only to produce new measures of the infinite harmony. And through their power of music-making, their capacity of transmuting every experience into some intelligible theme, either of gladness or

sorrow, they escape the monotony, the tedious insignificance of those who are discordant or mute. A nature in which such an adjustment has taken place may become as tuneful as an old violin; it mellows with years; so that to the end of life its ever-enriching temperamental tone gives forth, to wise and gentle evocation, strains of rarest music.

When two such personalities meet and find themselves in harmony in all the realms of being, — unanimous, congenial, and at one in the delicate register of sense, — so that their individual melodies may blend and mingle with perfect freedom and without disparity or discordance, the greater eternal music of life begins to be heard in all its purity and bewitchment. There can then be no jarring nor disunion in those two fortunate ones, no fatal blighting conflict between spirit and sense in either life, to tear it asunder as so many lives are torn, — no stirring of the blood while the heart is cold, no leaping of the emotional soul while the pulses still sleep, and neither infat-

uation nor rapture without the glad, appreciative assent of the vigilant yet amenable mind. If love is the only source of abandon, the primal note in every melodious personality, it is also surely abundant sanction and sufficient fulfilment of the soul's greatest rhapsodies.

It is easy to recall in human history memorable names of characters who were verily permeated with the music of life. That, as a modern instance, was Stevenson's rare distinction. There was the frailest of mortals, in no way exceptionally favoured by worldly circumstance, an invalid all his days, yet absolutely refusing to live without abandon. In spite of sickness or hard fortune, he would not dance without a tune, and made music every hour he was alive. There are myriads like him unknown to fame, cheery, brave, diligent souls, who will not succumb to dreariness, weariness, skepticism, nor despair. It may only be your Chinese laundryman, the porter who makes up your berth, the boy who runs

your elevator, or the first cabby you pick up at the curb, who has the magic gift of tuneful joyousness that, unreasonable as it may seem, will nevertheless make him a more desirable acquaintance for the hour than lugubrious brokers or unctuous divines. And consider, in comparison (if report be true, poor gentleman!), such an inharmonious character as Carlyle's. It is a pity that so sturdy a soul should become a byword for crabbed unhappiness, but he comes to mind as an example of the type which is never happy, never makes music in life. His physical frailties were too great for him to overcome. A constant strife between body and soul, fretted by dyspepsia and railing against fate, make sad personal discord. He was among those who, for all their strength, have a mighty handicap to contend against in their own lack of harmony. The world is full of them, jangling, dissonant beings, corroded by peevish discouragement, incapable of evolving any concord in themselves and unable to produce any resonant joy-

ousness to sweeten their noise or gladden their silence or in any way heighten the pleasure of their fellows. For them no task is easy, no matter how great their genius. Though they were emperors or prelates, they would still be merely slaves and drudges of the world, full of dissonance and resentment, feeling the very gift of existence to be a bane.

Abandon means fervour, ecstasy, enchantment of the mind, fascination of the will, enravishment of the senses, vital generosity, recklessness of spirit, the fearlessness of intelligence. It constitutes the good measure of life needed for great growth that is the mainspring of progress, in science, in religion, and in art. Without some overabundance of impulsive ardour we should only stand still, having barely enough energy to carry us through from day to day, from birth to death. And yet the quality of abandon I am thinking of is not an attribute only of youth or of an excess of physical vigour. You may see many old persons who continually make music in

their beings as they sit by the fire all day long with their reading or their dreams. It is not that they have never known sorrow; they may have borne many grievous burdens; but the central spirit within them has never been infected with the sullen discontent which makes happiness for ever impossible. Whatever evil destiny may have befallen them they have confronted with fortitude, never acknowledging the supremacy of hatred or harm, tempering instead of mutilating the fibre of their being, and so remaining always resonant with goodness and gaiety and a courage of endurance that no frailty can destroy. They have never ceased, and need never cease from the ever welcome music-making of life, though many of their younger neighbours, perhaps more fortunate than they, with far less cause for the lassitude of despondency, may be coddling their moping souls in unbeautiful taciturnity.

Possibly these unfortunates never felt what abandon means, nor ever heard the entrancing

music of life calling to them throughout the world. But as I see such folk living in desolate loneliness, dwelling, as it were, in the silent halls of gloomy exclusion, unlovely and unloving, harbouring to the last their grudge against the world, and as I contrast their defeat with the happy triumph of those sunny dispositions who never refrain from sweet-voiced fervency of enthusiasm even in age, I shake my head, repeating to myself, "Life without abandon is a dance without music."

XX

# The Sorcery of the Hand

IT is written in the Book of St. Kavin, "The eye for science, the mouth for religion, and the hand for art."

As the eye is the index of perception, and the mouth the symbol of desire, so the hand is typical of developed power and reveals the skill and efficiency of the personality. As the eye serves intelligence in the cause of truth, and the mouth serves the soul in the cause of goodness, so the hand serves in the making of beauty. With the eye we observe and reflect. With the mouth we shape our innermost yearning, our aspirations, thanksgivings, dreams, exultations, hopes, and despairs. With the hand we mould the plastic world

to our will, to give form and permanence to our ideals.

In no other way is the supremacy of man so clearly shown as in the possession of hands. Arts, cities, empires, civilizations are the work of his hands. With his naked hands he has remade the world. By the skill of his hands he holds dominion over the sea, and makes a garden of the desert. The round earth is covered with traces of his handiwork, and history is nothing but a record of his craftsmanship. Man has grown in justice and understanding, but in nothing is he greater than in the embodying of his love and his thought, — in the fair and meaningful things he has fashioned to please his imagination and satisfy his longing.

Mammoth ships plying through the sea under the stars, titanic engines racing east and west with their freighted trains, magic wonders of electric machinery in a hundred forms, thousands of implements for innumerable purposes, all seeming so vast and omnip-

otent, and all controlled by the same diminutive, significant hand that contrived them with such painstaking ingenuity and fondness. Watch a great steam dredge at work, or a great steam derrick lifting girder or monolith into place, with a precision that almost seems rational and a strength that is like a cosmic force, and then suddenly realize that it is controlled by a hand of frail flesh and bone held intelligently on the gear.

To the student of personality the hand is one of the most interesting and distinctive features. One can scarcely call it anything else, so sensitive is it in its response to emotion, so expressive and typical of character. Not only does it betray its calling and occupation, it also bears unmistakably the impress of the personality behind it. Like the face, it is only a plastic mask through which the individuality speaks and is recognized. Whether or not there is justification for the more elaborate and exact pretensions of chiromancy, it offers

sufficiently rich field of study in the general unmistakable characteristics of the hand.

The hand may be a great beauty of personal expression or a great blemish. It need not have ideal shapeliness, size, colour, nor texture, in order to be lovely, and it may be most unpleasing in character and expression, while in size, colour, texture, and shape it is almost faultless. Many a statically flawless hand, like many a perfectly formed face, is beautiful only until it begins to speak, when its charm vanishes in incongruity and our disappointment makes it seem unlovely or even repellent. Awkward and inappropriate motion and gestures unerringly reveal unlovely causes, — a fact that should be reckoned with in education.

Pleasing hands can be made or marred at will. No other feature, except the mouth, is so controllable, so amenable to development and to education in expression, so sensitive to the formative influences of habit. Our eyes

change but little and with difficulty, under the slow process of a humanizing education, and we have almost the same eyes in maturity that we had in youth, but we begin to make our mouth and hands from our earliest years. So accurate a record of personal habits, predilections, and propensities is the hand, that to perfect the expression of any given hand would be to materially modify the education of the individual. The hand is most readily educated, if not to perfection, at least to correction of its worst habits. And well-educated hands have ease and dignity and interest which give them a distinction beyond mere beauty. However small or large a hand is, it need never be embarrassed, if its faults have been corrected by good training.

A supremely competent, adequate, clever hand is a rare distinction. The hand of the sculptor, the surgeon, the violinist, how eloquently each speaks of its noble artistry. And the hand of the actor may be half his fortune. Not long ago I witnessed an amateur per-

formance of "The Heir-at-Law," in which Dr. Pangloss was played admirably by a man who had the most astonishingly expressive and well-educated hands I have ever seen on the stage. He was a teacher of reading by profession, and in this rôle showed admirable talent as an actor. In his hands it amounted to genius, so convincing were they, so graceful, so ready and inevitable in their gestures. On the other hand, there are persons into whose presence one cannot come without being at once unpleasantly aware of their hands, which seem aggressive and malign in some abnormal way, and infect one with an instinctive apprehension.

The aristocracy of the hand is not a matter of whiteness and inutility, but of adequacy and finesse. The competent hand of a blacksmith or a carpenter, if it is strong and cunning in its craft, is more goodly to see than the pale ineffectual hand of idleness and vapidity. The self-conscious curlings and attitudinizings of anxious underbred hands are

no help toward elegance. The Chinese, who as a people have beautiful hands, and set particular store by the significance of hands, consider white hands generally inelegant and inefficient, and indicative of crude, immature racial development. The smooth and shapely Chinese hand is as carnal, capable, and unimpassioned as the race itself; while the thin, nervous, knobby little hands of the Japanese are characteristic of a people overtrained in unselfish serviceability.

There is love in the voice, there is understanding in the eye, but in the hand there is a touch of that happy primordial sympathy out of which human relationships are made. The hand has not only refashioned the world into a place more habitable and fair, but daily it does the bidding of kindliness to make life itself more glad and easy. It cares for its children and its helpless, it cherishes those it loves, it offers welcome to the stranger, and i. the eternal struggle for liberation it turns back oppression, injustice, and defeat.

XII

# The Leaven of Art

WE talk so much about art nowadays that the average man in an average mood is apt to be betrayed into some disgust with the topic. "In the name of common sense, what is all this pother about? Our grandparents didn't talk about art, and they got along very well. Isn't there a lot of feeble cant regarding the whole subject? Shouldn't we be just as well off if no one ever heard of art, but went about the wholesome tasks of every day in the good old cheerful, thoughtless fashion, without any doubts or discussions of the matter?"

Unfortunately we cannot do that if we would. We are born into a time of unrest

and agitation, when all matters are under trial to be sifted for their worth. We must be skeptics and experimenters without stability of creed or certainty of procedure in the process of learning. The complexity of life has begotten a perplexity of thought, and the older ways of another century are no longer feasible. However weary we may grow of argument and analysis, of canvassing new projects in religion, in sociology, in education, in science, in philosophy, or in art, the burden of quest is upon us. Without recreancy to an inherited trust, we cannot abandon the search for truth. What the nineteenth century began in its splendid work in science, we must push to symmetrical proportions in religion and art, that is to say in sentiment and in life, as well as we can.

Art is a great pleasure. It may have whatever other obligations you will; it may be asked to edify and instruct and ennoble, to espouse great causes, to decorate proud and barbarous civilizations, to express premoni-

tions of the divine, or to serve the humblest craftsman in his need; but still its first concern will always be to render satisfaction to inarticulate but imperious cravings for beauty. The longing for æsthetic fitness and the enjoyment of it are instincts as deep and primitive as hunger itself, and they have been no less real in their effect upon life. To secure for them their due satisfaction is not only a legitimate aim, but one of the most delightful activities to which we can turn our eager energy. One who is a lover of art in any form is a devotee of a pure and ancient cult, which superstition and bigotry and the pedantic wrangling of the schools have not been able to annihilate. He is partaker in an immemorial universal religion, whose doctrines are renewed by every breath of the sweet wind of heaven, whose traditions are drawn from the twelve corners of the world, and whose invisible altars are fed by the fires of an inextinguishable ardour.

Ah, no, we are wrong, to grow impatient

over continued discussion of so great a theme! There are sober considerations in the subject which must appeal to every sane being, and which lead to the belief that a just understanding of all that art implies would do more than any one thing to increase the happiness of men. Not a knowledge of the fine arts merely, but the knowledge and practice of art in every province of daily living; not only a cultivation of one or more of the arts, whether fine or industrial, but the habitual use of art in affairs everywhere at all hours. A rational art of life is the consummate flowering of human endeavour. To cultivate it may well be our persistent care, since it will make, to any personality, so rich and incomparable a return.

An art of living, however, is as it were a generalization of art, and calls into execution, through conduct, those qualities of mind and temper and equipment which every good artist must possess. A supreme artist is an artist not alone in his painting or his music, but in

his every act and undertaking. He will have learned from the pursuit of his chosen calling such a love of perfection, such a sense of order, such an appreciation of aptness and proportion, that he will make all of his life as harmonious and lovely as his work. Some persons, indeed, have this passion for perfection in the conduct of daily life, this genius for the art of living, so fully developed that they are not impelled to find a vent for their creative talents in the pursuit of any one of the specific arts. But whether one be an artist in conduct or in clay, the characteristics required and fostered, and the principles materialized by artistry, are much the same. It is a matter of devotion to spirit and outlook, to inspiration and aspiration. The real artist delights in perfect execution and finds happy satisfaction in adjusting means to ends, in finding adequate expression through any medium, and is never satisfied with anything ill done. "Only the best is good enough," must be his uncompromising motto.

Do you think it would be an exaggeration to say that most of the faults of modern civilization spring from a lack of artistic appreciation? Why this endless strife between those who have and those who have not? Why, but for the fact that we all make mistakes about happiness, supposing that it must depend upon possessions, whereas it rests much more upon individual ability to discriminate wisely and to live selectively? Our incorrigible mania for wealth comes from this misapprehension. The most inveterate and typical money-getter is notoriously a man of few resources within himself and of little essential culture. Why shouldn't he chase his golden prize? He knows nothing better to do with his time, no other way to seek necessary pleasure of living. Poor fellow, he is often enough desperately in need of a little real happiness, of some touch of real gladness which he cannot buy. He is often enough as simple and kindly as he is capable, and his chief error is one of ignorance. Having the crude idea,

common to uncultivated minds, that in order to enjoy life one only need own the earth and have all its pleasures at command, he does not find out until too late that to own is not inevitably to command. He has not discovered that enjoyment does not depend wholly upon good fortune, but is equally a matter of temperament and character. He does not know what the artist in life could tell him, that happiness, while it is naturally evoked by pleasure, is essentially the product of personality, and results only from a fortunate adjustment between the soul and its surroundings.

This being so, it is the part of simple wisdom to care for that adjustment. Such a task is eminently a matter requiring the most comprehensive and subtle art; and when once this possibility is realized, it will no longer seem sensible to give wastefully of one's days, one's health and honesty and humanity, to the accumulation of possessions. It will come to the mind like a breath of inspiration, that

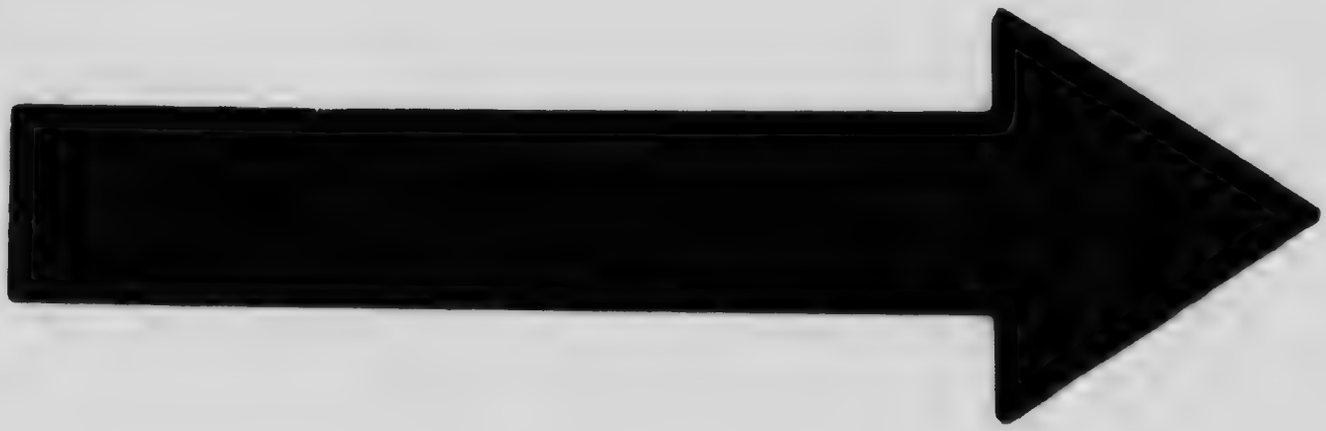
every moment of activity, every hour of effort, may be caused to yield an adequate gladness without anxiety, and that conduct from day to day may be made a fine art which shall dignify and ennoble life under whatever circumstances. The inward triumph of the spirit, its native delight in all simple unextravagant beauty, will then begin to make itself felt, — the elation of the artist, an uplifting of the heart in joyousness such as Wordsworth meant, when he wrote in his poem about the daffodils, —

> "For oft, when on my couch I lie
> In vacant or in pensive mood,
> They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude;
> And then my heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils."

There would come to any one who honestly tried to master the haphazard trend of events by confronting them with a rational skill, the same satisfaction which an artist must experience in seeing his work grow from chaos to

ordered and meaningful loveliness beneath his hand. And conversely there would come to him who diligently cultivated an appreciation of the fine arts an informing sense of purpose and proportion, and a love of perfection, which could not but make themselves felt in every undertaking of that sentient personality.

This is no more than the object at which all culture aims, — the imparting to personality of a power to deal with life on fair terms. To be wholly without culture is to be wholly at the mercy of circumstances, incapable of securing happiness by any wise means, incapable even of making a creditable livelihood. For culture must be considered a wide term, applicable to our most elementary capacities as to our most refined. To be cultivated is, not to possess extraordinary learning, but to possess a personality adequately equipped to appreciate and meet the demands of life successfully, — not only with the primitive success which means a comfortable or



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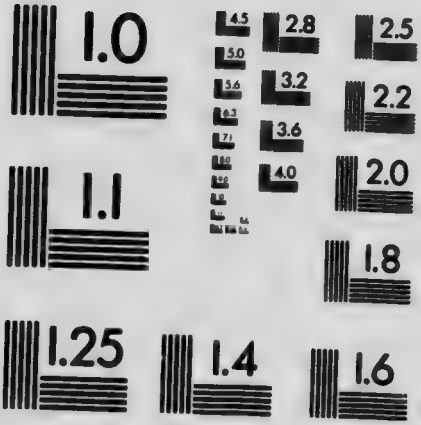

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luxurious living, but with the higher success which implies a sanity and joyousness of life.

Through symmetrical culture we attain the point of view of the happiest and wisest ones of the earth, wherever they have left record of their gladness or wisdom. Through a cultivated acquaintance with art in all its works of beauty we come to be infused with the enthusiasm, the insight, the sincerity, the glad and prospering spirit of the masters great and goodly, who saw what was best in life and had the incomparable gift of making that boon apparent to others. So the beautiful products of art, pictures, statues, operas, dramas, poems, churches and houses, old rugs and furniture, silverware, jewels, carvings, tapestries, costume, when they are eminently excellent, become so many foci for the spread of that happy state of being which the original artists experienced in creating them. All who encourage and educate themselves to become appreciators of such things, to know

their value and feel their influence, undergo a change and refinement of character which a crude manner of living, however strenuous or extravagant, can never exert. They are able to add to the physical and fundamental power, with which primitive life endows us, the loftier and subtler attributes of a culture both intellectual and moral which it is the chief aim of any civilization to bestow. In so doing they become initiates, or at least novices, in the joyous cult of creative art; they come to understand the satisfaction which artists take in perfection, and to attempt the development of it through daily affairs.

Specialized artists are not as a class the happiest of mortals. But that is because they fail to relate their ideals naturally to life, rather than because they are vowed to the exacting standards of perfection. Unhappiness comes upon them, as it would upon any one else, in consequence of folly and indifference and wilfulness and mistake; and their devotion to art, which is often held to be the

cause of their misfortunes, is in reality the only mitigating factor in their lives. When an artist makes a ruin of his career, it is not art that is to blame, but his own bungling irrationality. It would be truer to say that he missed happiness, because his art was too partial and wayward and short-sighted. Great artistry, such indeed as does not often make itself manifest, if it should take possession of a man, would not dissipate itself in unreasonable creations of empty and fantastic beauty, but would permeate the man's whole nature, touching his mind as well as his spirit and his senses, and making him sane and happy as well as inspired.

We need not look on the artistic temperament, therefore, with Philistine superciliousness. For in itself it is a wholly excellent quality, needing only to be balanced by some sober traits of common sense of which the practical man claims the monopoly. Practical common sense avoids many disasters and insures useful creature comforts. By itself,

however, unmixed with warmer and more spirited characteristics, it may be a very bleak and joyless equipment. It needs, for its perfecting, the complementary strength of ardour, the touch of fearless elation, unspoiled faith, and imagination, a sensitiveness to beauty and an aspiring loving-kindness, that are perennial. To be effective for happiness, common sense must be winged with a touch of artistry. When once this truth is realized it will never be undervalued nor discarded.

The leaven of art in life glorifies human effort and achievement by infusing beauty through every undertaking, by instilling candour in the mind, and by filling the heart with a gladness that could not have been foretold. Art is a paper lantern, perishable but indispensable, whose flame is goodness, whose light is truth, whose sides are patterned with shapes of beauty, and whose office is to illumine and make festal for us the rough and devious road to perfection. Without art we must remain

.bre and dispirited wanderers, distracted

amid the mazes of a meaningless and hostile world. With it we may do much to unravel a significance from the dark oracles of fate, and render existence not only bearable but biddable, glad, and fair. Art in its widest sense covers all provinces of life, and with religion and science forms a sort of philosophic trinity representing all that man may do or feel or know. But just as many men's emotions and thoughts never rise to the level of religion and science, so most men's acts and work rarely rise to the level of art. In achievement art gives the final hint of magic which differentiates a man from a machine, — that evidence of variable human mind which no automaton can ever reproduce. The glory of art is only that it makes earth more habitable and humanity more divine.

The business of art is to afford joyance. When it fails of this, it is bankrupt altogether, being unable to meet its legitimate obligations. Since few can live as joyously as they would, what a shame it is that great gifts of

expression should ever be wasted on heinous and joyless subjects! Think of the hideous and revolting plays with which an impoverished dramatic art overloads our stage in an attempt to stimulate sensation, regardless of beauty, regardless of the whole truth, and more than all regardless of that inward core of human love which is only goodness under another name! Good art is not an expensive thing, weighed in the scales of the counting-house. Yet it is priceless in that it cannot be bought with any amount of money alone. There must always some love go with its price. And while it becomes one of the chief requisites of a happy life to surround ourselves with art, that does not mean that we must have costly trappings and outfit and expensive homes. A modest apartment on which thought and care and taste have been lavished with loving generosity may be a beautiful home where one is thankful to be made welcome; while across the Park some monstrous pile of stone may lift itself against

the sky, a monument of pathetic ambition, a warehouse full of costly and unlovely merchandise, an offence to taste and an affront to moderation.

Good taste is no respecter of prices; it knows values, appreciates worth, and reveres beauty wherever it finds it. Nor does it ever grudge to pay the utmost cost for beauty in patience, toil, painstaking, and devotion. It will gladly lavish a whole day in rearranging a room, matching a colour scheme, or finding an inevitable cadence. He is but a slovenly artist in letters who will not wait a week for the irresistible word, if need be, though knowing all the while that genius would have found it on the instant. Taste, which plays our good angel in matters of beauty, is as scrupulous as conscience, as unerring as reason, and guides our senses in the disputable ways between the unlovely and the desirable, just as those sensitive, incorruptible monitors of the soul and mind guide us in the regions of conduct and of thought.

It is no sign of good taste, however, to pursue some petty art to the exclusion of all other obligations, but indicates the old false notion that art is something elegant and genteel conferring a superiority on those who follow it. Whereas the truth is we should all be artists, artists in our own life and artists in our own work, however inconspicuous that work may be. An artist is any one who glorifies his occupation. It is no evidence of artistic aptitude to spend days and years in playing the ineffectual amateur, while all personal affairs are allowed to run as they will; it is rather an indication of a self-indulgent, irrational nature. An instinct for the art of living is greater than an overemphasized single talent or personal preference, and its [illegible]ons are more primary, more impor[illegible]nd more closely bound up with the [illegible]em of happiness. Creative art can have no character nor value nor beauty, if the life that nourishes it has not first its due order and significance and seemliness. The tent must

be pitched and the fire lighted before we can expect the goddess. To muddle or neglect the first duties of life is fundamentally and to the highest degree inartistic, since it throws us back into a chaos from which neither beauty nor joyance can spring, and where the creative impulse, however genuine, must eventually perish of morbid sickness.

Literary and artistic folk are almost proverbial for carelessness in dress and demeanour and the small amenities of life, and often think it a mark of distinction to be so. Magnifying their own art, often with a praiseworthy singleness of devotion, they forget that the art of life is a larger matter, including their own particular craft, imposing its limits and reservations, as it bestows its facilities and advantages, on all alike. Painters often dress unnecessarily unbecomingly, though their taste is fully trained to befitting appropriateness in colour and costume in any key of cost or requirement. Poets and writers, whose chief concern is wisdom, are often among

the most unwise of men in the conduct of their own lives. While women, who one would suppose might always be credited with personal nicety and loveliness, often seem to fancy that absorption in music or letters or painting gives them the liberty to be disorderly, distrait, untidy, and irresponsible.

It is such false procedure and thoughtless reasoning that bring art and ideals into disrepute, and cause havoc in the lives of so many artists. A sober realization of the necessity and desirableness of an art of individual living would make such mistaken overemphasis impossible. The great thing is to keep one's mettle from becoming distempered, and this is not to be done by evading and ignoring the requirements and desirabilities of actual life, but by meeting and mastering them. To overindulge an artistic bent to the limit of its capacity is to induce a self-dissatisfaction, a mordant fretfulness of spirit, and ultimate disappointment; while the modifying and regulating of special capability,

through the successful handling of practical concerns, affords a training which is most likely to insure a masterly success in the chosen art.

Art as a revivifying element in life plays a part similar to nature's in her tonic recreative influence. We must dwell in the sun and open air, within sound of the trees and beneath the touch of the sweet wind and the rain, shunning too much of the sedentary, deteriorating life of houses, if we would grow sound and glad and sane. Just as truly we must not be wholly given over to out-of-doors, nor be satisfied with maintaining a primitive animal wholesomeness. Life for the modern is not so simple as that. There are ineradicable hungers of the mind to be satisfied, passionate desires of the soul for legitimate gratification in creative art, unconquerable and goodly æsthetic impulses which must not be defrauded of their development. Let us have an ample life in the open, to keep us sane and strong and sweet; but life in art also, to keep

us interested, growing, civilized, and humane. Only under influences tending to cultivate symmetrically the body and the intelligence can the spirit be most bravely fostered and happiness most surely emerge.

XXIX

# Designer and Builder

IT is easy to be an impractical dreamer. There have been seers and prophets in all ages, but there have also been ineffectual visionaries who wasted their lives in idle speculation and moody discontent, lost among the clouds. It is easy, too, to be absorbed wholly in practical affairs and put dreams aside altogether, as many men do from sheer faintness of heart at the prospect of unremitting toil which existence demands. But it is not easy to be both inspired and practical at the same time, for that implies a nice balance of appreciation under the supervision of an unbiassed judgment.

It is easy to build castles in the air; one

may spend whole days in that seductive occupation; and it is almost equally easy to lay one brick upon another without giving thought to anything except the mortar between them. But he is master of his world who can both plan and achieve, who keeps his plans within the bounds of the achievable, and brings his achievements up to the requirements of his plans. His castles, though projected in Spain, he sees reproduced, perhaps after long years and perdurable patience, from the solid ground before his eyes.

In "The Last Ride Together" you may read:

> "What hand and brain went even paired?
> What heart alike conceived and dared?
> What act proved all its thought had been?"

And it is true and natural that some must be preëminently designers, and others preëminently builders; yet each must gain a modicum of the capacity of the other, for the best efficiency and coöperation, and for rendering the best service to the world. We must spe-

cialize, indeed, for the finest productivity in the liberal arts and industries. But it is not good for a man to specialize so closely and excessively as to lose his breadth of understanding and sympathy, and impair the normal completeness of his own nature and development. For after all, the arts exist for man, and not man for the arts. And the fullest and finest art of all, the art of life, demands that whenever our pursuits begin to work more harm than benefit, we should change or amend them.

When it comes to the consideration of standards of personal culture and precepts of conduct, the sanest criterion must be to keep our ideals and actions in close accord. Ideals are good, but they are not all equally good, and those are best for our life here and now which can be realized in some degree by possible effort. It is a dangerous habit to indulge in dreams which can never be accomplished — as if a mariner on the Atlantic should occupy his time in plotting courses

among the South Sea Islands. There can never be any radical divergence between the different elements of a man's nature and life without injury therefrom. To lead one life in dream and another in reality is a fatal duplicity, innocent though it seem.

It is in youth that we are most subject to the seductions of vague, magnificent and elusive ideals. We are easily carried away by the splendour of looming possibilities, sustained by enormous ambitions, and impatient of the plodding prosaic measures of our sires. We scoff lightly at their methods of prudence and hold practicality generally in imperious contempt. Life is all poetry to our inexperience, and we are very willing to take its intoxication of beauty, without asking for its fundamental structure of reasonableness and excellence. Whatever is humdrum or rational seems to partake too much of the earth for our fastidious fancy. We chafe at caution, demur at the authority of tradition, and are

eager to disrupt the world in the confident belief that we could

"Remold it nearer to the heart's desire."

As we mature, however, we learn a juster estimate of things; we perceive that, however faulty this world may be, it is the one we have, and it is folly not to make the best of it. To that end we come to value ideals in proportion to their applicability to life. We see that they are of little use unless they can be made practical aids to daily life, and we begin to select from our vasty dreams those which can be translated into action or art. We learn that the soul must condescend to live, and that its daily task is the merging of the ideal in the actual, and the gradual transforming of the actual into the ideal. Dreamful youth grows aware that this is the sanction of life; lays aside its noble scorn of the practical; submits itself to the stern inevitable law of rationality; and pours its energies, not into the pursuit of vain and futile imaginings, but into the

accomplishment of possible and immediate betterment. As Thoreau remarked, youth gets together the materials for a bridge to the moon, and maturity uses them to build a wood-shed.

In thus resigning our too exclusive occupation with dreams we are not recreant to any lofty obligation; we are, in fact, progressing upon the pathway of perfection. We are merely discriminating among our ideals, discarding the less useful, in order that the more valuable may be cultivated and realized. The garden of our being needs careful weeding and thinning out and keeping in order, just as a flower bed does. If the story of the cosmos shows any intelligible significance or trend or purpose, it is surely this — a constant embodying of thoughts in actions, a constant attempt to crown longing with fulfilment, a continuous and unflagging effort to bring about the realization of ideals. This is the one strand of revelation which runs through all history of nature and man, and we are only

in close relationship with universal tendencies when we are engaged in some such employment — in putting our convictions into practice, in making our dreams come true.

Whatever there is of beauty in the world must have been imagined before it was wrought; whatever there is of truth must have been postulated before it was verified; whatever there is of good must have been desired before it was brought about. And whatever there is to be of these things in the future for the benefit of men can only come to pass in the same way, by being imagined first and then made actual.

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist,
Not its semblance, but itself,"

says Browning; and we are not properly men nor women until we give ourselves without reserve to the furthering of that great cosmic scheme, adding our energies to the energy of the universe, in helping beauty to be born, and knowledge to appear, and the longing

spirit to find happiness and satisfaction in creative activity and growth.

Nature herself produces phenomena with a seemingly wasteful prodigality, but we have hardly her time or resource at our command, and so we must economize our endeavours and not spend too many hours in weaving patterns of ineffectual dream. Many a man misses success only by a hair's-breadth, so little it takes to deflect destiny and turn good fortune into defeat. He may be full of kindliness and unselfish ambitions and splendid imaginings, and yet never have realized the futility of a life given over to contemplation devoid of deeds. He spends hours in musing upon schemes of happiness and perfection, only to feel the profound dissatisfaction which must come with a surfeit of inaction. He grows more and more timid and distrustful of his powers, the more he abstains from energizing. He gives his will no exercise, and falls daily into a state of feverish hesitation or supine despondency. He deludes him-

self with childish dreams of unaccomplishable greatness, while all about him lie actual benefits and possibilities only waiting to be utilized. He misses the substance of life in reaching for the shadow, and passes joyless years simply because he does not know where joy resides. The materials from which happiness can be built are ready to his hand, only needing an intelligent will to put them in place; but he is too absorbed in contemplating the plan of his impalpable architecture to pay heed to the realities of construction. So his whole life crumbles in failure for want of industry and a sense of values and proportion.

The fate of the man without ideals, on the other hand, is hardly more to be envied. He is so engrossed in the execution of business or affairs that he takes no time to look upon his work, to question whether it is good or not, he brings to it no spring of delight and but a petty ambition; he has no thought beyond the gain of the moment; he is too dull to see

that his work can be anything more than mere drudgery, or that he himself is not the mere sport of cruel fate. Without a glint of the divine dream of perfection, he can hardly be entrusted to execute the commonest task as it should be executed, while for large enterprises he is sadly unfitted. But I must think that such men are not as common as we might suppose, and that there are really few who are not illumined at times by fitful gleams of inspiration.

There are many, however, belonging to a third class, who have both industry and imagination, a genius for practical activity as well as for ideals. And it will sometimes happen that these characters, aware of two diverse trends of nature in themselves, may attempt to dissever these two tendencies, and to lead two lives, one of every-day prosaic affairs, and one of lawless fancy, expecting the unreal splendours of the one to compensate them for the actual difficulties, disorder, and discouragement of the other. It is a similarly pa-

thetic fallacy that leads us to imagine a heaven where the ordinary activities of the world do not obtain, where all our human powers are to be in some mysterious way laid aside without detracting from our capacity for enjoyment, where we are to dwell in a state of passive beatitude, yet without any opportunity to employ those energies and capacities whose exercise forms our only happiness in this world.

The hopeless incongruity of this idea does not strike us, nor does it often occur to us to emparadise the present, as a certain good, and let the future take care of itself. Yet the purest satisfaction to be found in life lies in bringing our best dreams to pass, — in giving useful form and timely existence to what we have imagined of good and fair. This is the service of the true idealist, the heroic dreamer, the man worthy to dwell in a world of rich possibilities, in fellowship with the indomitable designers-and-builders of the immemorial past and the future that is to be.

XXV

# The Might of Manners

THAT "Manners make the man" is a saying with truth deeper than mere commonplace observation in its sound philosophy. Neither Chesterfield himself, that paragon of deportment, nor the incomparable Barney McGee, in his

"Chesterfield's way with a touch of the Bowery,"

can be imagined without the potent manners that were natural and characteristic and memorable in them. For good manners cannot be donned nor laid aside like a coat. Whether ceremonious or simple, they are the expressive and appropriate garment and protection of personality; and it is one of the

tests for them at their best that they are habitual and can never be misjudged as being assumed or affected. The least touch of affectation or insincerity is fatal to their value. To have bad manners or "no manners" is to announce oneself a boor; but to use false manners is to betray sad ineptitude.

When manners are real and actually reveal the inner personality, how mighty they are! So potent are they, indeed, that we are often carried away by them, and our judgment is dazzled by our enthusiasm, in response to the sway they exercise over the senses of common humanity. The might of manners is as great as the majesty of mind or the supremacy of soul.

There is no denying the palpable pleasure of excellent manners, their ease, their advantage, their charm and grace and economy, and the distinction they confer upon the plainest dealing. But a headlong and headstrong age, devoted to achievement for mere achievement's sake, is apt to consider them superflu-

ous after all — a mark of lightness and artificiality, if not of effeminacy. Our ingrown virtues are prone to arrogance and an overweening self-reliance, and are too ready to discount the veritable though subtle power which manners possess. Truculent merit, assured of its own unassailable honesty, and reenforced perhaps by an abundance of physical vigour, scorns to employ any suavity of demeanour, any graciousness or tact in presenting itself, for fear of seeming to concede an atom of its own angular integrity.

The mistake is not an uncommon nor an incomprehensible one, but it is a grave error none the less. For manners are not an artifice, but an art of true behaviour, inherent in all procedure, and as clearly related to fine feeling and wise purpose as speech is related to thought. They form the very embodiment of personality when it seeks for social expression, and are every whit as essential as good intention or intelligence. Manners are to ethics what the shell is to the sea-urchin, not

merely a domicile to be changed at will, but a structural part of the very being, — an outward formation at once protecting and identifying the individual within. They interpret our meaning and transmit our emotions even more truly than words, thus making possible for the spiritual prisoner in the flesh a life of interesting and pleasurable relationships. No one is insignificant who has distinguished manners. And no one need be misunderstood who will make his own manners expressive of his meanings.

Manners, if we will cultivate them as they deserve, give us the means of escaping from the doom of miserable loneliness, unintelligence and brutality which would otherwise be ours, and which is the fate of all repressed and thwarted beings. They are sanctioned not only by a code of courtesy and consideration for others, but even more by the authentic joyous freedom which they offer ourselves.

The master of good manners is everywhere welcome for his service. Awkward situations

vanish at his approach, embarrassments are removed, and the air is cleared as if by electric magic. Such an influential force is in itself no small asset in any personal account. Far deeper, however, than this obvious social power, and much more permanently valuable, is the serene poise and inward balance of spirit, the glad sense of capability and satisfaction, which must always accompany the possession of good manners and their scrupulous practice.

In the last analysis, to live without manners would be as detrimental to the soul as it would be to the body to live without exercise. They form a legitimate medium for the activity of our spiritual selves, just as necessary and just as adequate as the world of work and play is for the activity of our physical powers. And while manners without an intelligent *morale* are indeed but a lantern without a candle, the noblest morality without competent manners to convey its beneficent purpose can be but an ineffectual light.

There are many who live like dark lanterns all their lives, bearing about with them a store of illuminating knowledge which they never show. They are often of excellent ability and irreproachable habits, but without elasticity, generosity, vivacity, or any accustomed power of self-expression. They may be philosophers, scientists, farmers, or of any trade or occupation. It is not a question of calling, but of culture and character. Born perhaps with a naturally shrinking or sullen disposition, that unfortunate tendency has never been corrected in them by an adequate cultivation of pliancy, courtesy, and ease. For lack of that liberalizing freedom which manners bestow, they are never at home in their environment, but are either self-consciously excited or morose, without even knowing where the cause of much of their unhappiness lies. Careers are often marred and stunted for want of a sufficient and coveted means of expression for admirable powers. Disappointed people, not realizing what

this lack is, are filled with wonder as they see themselves gradually outstripped by their inferiors, persons of less force, less intelligence and less aspiration, but expressing better what they are and what they want.

Even more to be regretted is the case of those who deliberately despise manners and altogether discount their value, who find themselves well placed in the world, with well-mannered people all about them, and yet from a mere exaggeration of the ego, or from a lack of comprehension of life, or from an inborn defect of taste and the delicacy of the artist, insist that rough-and-ready is always well enough, and honesty of purpose need take no account of the prejudices and sensibilities through which it has to take its way. Many a man has wrecked a brilliant career and nullified all his own great efforts solely by disregard of good manners. *What* to do to ensure success he knew very well; *why* to do it he also knew; but that *how* it was to be accomplished was of equal consequence he did not

know at all. Yet they symbolize a trinity o
conduct, these three small words, and indicat
a science, a religion, and an art of life, no on
of which is greater or less than the other.

What are good manners? How are the
to be enlisted, and what is the secret of com
manding so enviable a possession? To b
without them is to be unequipped in any com
pany and to act as a discordant and disquiet
ing, if not an actually disrupting, element
To have them in perfection is to possess th
faculty of putting oneself in harmonious rela
tion to all persons and circumstances, and o
abandoning oneself to the spontaneous re
quirement of any occasion. Not to be anxiou
for oneself and so become self-conscious, re
strained and embarrassed, nor to be violen
or effusive and so embarrassing to others, bu
to yield to time and place and situation what
ever they may demand in order to make the
occasion happy and free; in some such mood
as that lie the sources of good manners, o

courteous bearing, and the effective presentation of personality.

How then, you ask, can the day be carried by one whose preference and best judgment are pitted against the judgment and preference of ten others, each as much entitled to consideration as oneself? Not by bullying and self-insistence, for that would only whet their opposition. Not by palpable truckling and insincere concessions, for these would only win contempt. Better, by an even regard for the point at issue and a well-mannered devotion to impersonal right.

Those remarkable women who make themselves memorable in the minds of their contemporaries and in history by their social power, who hold their salons, charm their guests, delight and sway their friends with such incomparable skill, never accomplish it, you may be sure, by worrying about themselves. One drop of self-consciousness would annul their magic. Such leaders must yield

with a happy abandon to the spirit of every occasion, shaping and controlling it with as subtle a mastery and as essential a genius as any other artist bestows upon his creations. How great and unsuspected are many of the difficulties they must meet and surmount, yet how charming and apparently easy are the triumphs they secure!

It is not for them to sit by and criticize in passive enjoyment. They have no time to worry whether or no their own toilette is unrivalled, nor to sulk if the soup is not hot enough, nor to flurry over details. The spirit of the hour must engross all their attention and effort from instant to instant. All petty mishaps must be settled before or after the occasion. While the function is in progress it demands all the mettle of the successful hostess to keep the atmosphere alive and the interest free. A canoeman in a rapid has no time to worry about the colour of his hunting-shirt, nor to fret because the tobacco was left at the last camping-place; his wits are busy

enough avoiding the dangers that are strewn thick about him; hidden ledges, jagged rocks, sweeping undercurrents, and climbing waves absorb all his attention and prove or disprove his skill.

To forget oneself in the larger interest of the ..nt, to be capable of sincere and serviceable abandonment to the exigency of the moment, this is the secret of good manners. In heroic cases how impressive it is! What a large part of the power of all great men have been their manners! The traditions of Alexander, Hannibal, Napoleon, Pericles, Dante — of most of the worthies of old or later time — teem with instances of the compelling potency of apt and unequivocal manner. Such men had the art of doing things, as well as the inclination and foresight. They knew the importance of method, and never dreamed of depending on force or intelligence alone. Good manners are infectious and help our dearest wishes and ideals to spread and germinate in hosts of other per-

sonalities unconsciously in a primitive way, unattainable by any mere argument however unanswerable or any compulsion how- overwhelming. Our logic may be fl. -ss, our will indomitable, even events themselves all in our favour, and still success in any endeavour will be most difficult if we have not the saving grace of a competent manner to supplement our purposes and execute our cherished plans.

There is no faculty more indispensable to success in the intricate diplomacy of life than the power of fine abandon. It helps us to yield to the inevitable without a grouch. If we miss our train, let us amuse ourselves by watching the crowd until the next one leaves. When fate blocks the highroad it is idle to sit down peevishly in the dust; better take to a circuitous footpath at once and enjoy the flowers we would otherwise have missed.

The abandon which underlies good manners is more than mere self-effacement, for it requires a positive appreciation of the deci-

sive claim of the moment and an unreluctant giving of one's best self to that inexorable demand. It implies a capacity not only for unselfishly yielding petty individual preference, but for generally and unfeignedly appreciating and furthering a common cause, and is an ennobling trait never to be found in mean or calculating characters. The talent for behaviour varies in races as i individuals, and lends to those who possess it an irresistibly endearing charm. It is a source, rather than a product, of civilization, emancipating the heart and liberalizing the mind.

Some of the most prominent nations seem to be conspicuously deficient in the distinction of good manners, while others far more primitive appear to have them in an eminent degree. One cannot help thinking of the Latin peoples, with their inherent grace of doing, as conspicuously proficient in this regard, in comparison with nations of other stocks, less volatile and less alert. The manners of Old Spain are proverbial, and many

a traveller has felt in modern Italy or Franc
a charm of gracious manners that compen
sated for many inconveniences.

An aptitude for good manners may appea
as unmistakably among the illiterate as amon
the most cultivated. The Negro, for exam
ple, has an almost incomparable genius fo
manners. The interest which the men an
women of that race take in ceremonious cou
tesy, in kindly expression, in the small amen
ities that make up, after all, so much of pleas
urable life, in social behaviour and persona
diplomacy, is a most marked and lovabl
trait. To "forget your manners" is wit
them a serious imputation, and we may profit
ably emulate their gay and spontaneous ease
their dramatic sincerity and politic grace
Have we not all known coloured peopl
whose manners put our own to shame? A
a child, I myself had a Negro nurse in th
North, a tall young woman, an aristocrat o
her race, whose careful speech and courtl
manner I remember most vividly, though

fear I have often fallen short of the example she constantly set her young charge in the use of unfailing politeness and scrupulous English.

In a different way, of a different sort, how excellent are the Indian's manners at his best! The majestic dignity of many an old chief could only be matched in the House of Lords, so surely do brave blood and breeding tell. Your self-made man is seldom finished to the extent of manners. As compared with the finest product of the Old World or the New, he is like a statue of Rodin's, so different from the classic — very potential, very significant, very striking, if you will, but not fully emerged from crude formlessness. The latent power is all there, — the thought and originality, — but they have not been brought to perfection. They await their release in delectable manners, in finished form which is the ultimate achievement of art.

Good manners are not necessarily formal nor conventional nor correct. They may

often make themselves felt even through th
difficult · dia of awkwardness and ba
gramr... They have a syntax of their own
whose principles are apprehended by th
heart and transcend the inflexible usage o
the academy. For them there is no such thin
as tyranny of custom. At the right momen
with force of human sincerity, they ma
change the rules of etiquette, they may over
rule the decisions of punctilio with a look, an
alter the devices of convention with a word
Under the exigency of loving exuberance the
may cast cramping dogmas of behaviour t
the winds and disclose a new revised rubri
of conduct. Good manners can never fea
innovations, for their very existence and al
their right procedure are based upon the fines
intuition of the moment. They are fresh
and refreshing as the loveliest morning, an
original as the personality they clothe. Th
best manners, however, maintain distinctio
and originality through gracious recognitio

of accepted codes and graceful adaptation to them.

Good manners are a revelation of good feelings; and to have good feelings and a desire to make them known is to possess the first elements of good manners. Actually to attain them, two things more are needed, — a knowledge of usages and an adequate and adaptive expressional skill. That is to say, in order to be well mannered one must have three requisites, — the humane prompting, the understanding, and the art. When these become habitual and instinctive they result in manners that are well bred as well as good.

The command of expression, which must supplement the generous wish before one can acquire the perfection of elegant manners, is something that people are wont to think of slightingly as an artificial and superfluous accomplishment. As a matter of fact, excellence of expression is no less valuable than excellence of thought or intention. It mat-

ters little how kindly disposed you may b
in your heart toward me, if you make me fee
uncomfortable by your brusquerie or boor
ishness. Expression is quite as necessary
quite as incumbent a responsibility, and quit
as deserving of respect and cultivation, as th
inward prompting of kindliness itself. Th
best manners require not only a kindly spir
and intelligence but also a plastic and intel
ligent body for their manifestation. And tha
is not to be had at its best without care, edu
cation and training.

To move and speak with all the convincin
beauty of motion and purity of tone that th
best manners imply requires superior cultu
of body and voice. There may be a natura
aptitude for these qualities in fortunate in
stances, but there must always be advantag
from education as well. Rules of deportmen
have their uses, but they can no more produc
good manners than an excellent recipe ca
produce a good pudding. Material and m
nipulation are indispensable. The physic

training which facilitates good manners also evolves the spirit of good nature which must underlie them. This is the real reason of the importance of a code of conduct and a scrupulous insistence upon the keeping of that code. The best impulses which arise in human instinct are thereby steadied and made habitual, effective, and dominant.

Instances of the power of manners both grotesque and beautiful appear about us every day. A young and popular American actress, cultivated and well born, was recently entertained by her friends at a small dinner in one of our best restaurants. She arrived amid a flurry of smiling welcomes, and found a huge bundle of American Beauty roses upon her table. Heaven knows what sentiment of appreciation she sought to convey to her hosts by the act, but she laid the flowers in her chair and sat upon them throughout the evening.

A few months ago New York entertained a Japanese dignitary with much civic hospitality, and among other notable places in the

metropolis took him to see Grant's tomb o
Riverside Drive. Instead of turning awa
when his visit to the resting-place of the illu
trious dead was over, he kept his face towa
the monument, walking backward down th
steps and well past the immediate vicinit
as a mark of respect to a great man and
a nation's pride in his memory! To our mo
abrupt and hurried way of thinking the
may seem to be a touch of the fantastic in su
an elaborate ceremonialism, but on deep
consideration how fearlessly natural and spo
taneous we feel that tribute of reverence
have been! To be rude or inexpressive whe
some instinctive manifestation of gentle cou
tesy were more natural as well as more b
coming is to stifle the springs of human cou
age and beneficence at their inmost source.

That a generous and general practice
good manners stimulates and disseminates fi
aspiration, nobility of character, and grace
living, is beyond question; and until app
ciation of that truth becomes more wi

spread among individuals and nations, not all the sterling qualities of heart and brain can avert the consequences of rudeness, nor justify arrogant infatuation with a mannerless age.

XV

# The Use of Out-of-Doors

THAT we should need to recall the use o
out-of-doors is of itself a criticism of our co
temporary mode of life and a confession
our indoor dangers. So habited have we b
come to living under roofs and behind glas
that living out-of-doors is strange and u
usual. We turn to it only occasionally a
then as to a novelty, as if we were about
make a journey into a foreign country. Th
wholesome sting of a sharp autumn morni
strikes fear into our flinching bones, and w
huddle and dodge from cover to cover, as
the open heaven were our enemy. At th

first drop of temperature from torrid summer heat, we rush for overcoats and clamber into closed cars, in very fright at the freshening of God's breath upon us.

The old Germanic superstition as to the poison of the night dissipates but slowly. You may still find many persons who will not sleep with their windows open for fear of the "night air," nor within reach of moonlight for fear of lunacy. In the West Indies the Negroes shut themselves up to sleep in their cabins, with every door and window closely battened down to keep out the evil spirits, despite the beauty and warmth of the tropic night. The luminous wheeling stars and the great shield of the moon cannot tempt them to leave so much as a chink uncovered. It is piteous to have such unwholesome fears. Our good friends, the skeptical doctors, are teaching us better, with their fresh-air treatment of pneumonia, tuberculosis, and kindred scourges.

Do not let us be afraid of out-of-doors!

After all, there is our freest safety. We we
born and nurtured in the open for æons befo
cities were thought of or suburbs invente
We had ridge-poles, it is true, and heart
stones, tepees, and wigwams and igloos, b
we had no sewer gas nor soft coal smoke n
dinning noise of streets. Our life was derive
from a nature whose sunlight and oxygen a
unlimited, where pure water is abundant, a
where food, if scarce, is at least not adulte
ated. We have harnessed the earth and mo
ified her powers for our own uses, making
possible for a thousand men to live whe
formerly hardly a hundred could survive, b
we have not been altogether wise with o
cleverness; and in the flush of triumpha
civilization we are in danger of forgetti
some of the old essential benefits of humanit

Air and sunlight and water in abunda
purity are built into the tissue of these bodi
of ours by the secret chemistry of nature, a
there can never be any manufacturing a sa
isfactory existence without a plentiful supp

of them. Nothing takes their place and we only cheat ourselves if we think to do without them. We may put up with factory-made commodities and all the impositions of commerce, if we will, but there is no substitute for open air. It is not only a choice between outdoors and indoors, it is a choice between out-of-doors and death.

It is more a matter of self-preservation than of anything else. In the universe of animal existence to which we belong, the great natural elements and laws are inescapable. It is not strange, since we are sprung from the operation of these laws and forces and elements, that we must inevitably lose through any divorcing or alienating of ourselves from their beneficent powers. We are not wholly animal, it is true, but we are fundamentally so; and our spiritual strain which we so cherish and seek to cultivate can never be made to grow away from its physical base and source. Surely it is short-sighted to wantonly weaken and destroy that strain through which

our being is materialized and kept growin
There can be no saving the soul alive, eith
for men or nation, if the body be allowed
sicken in ignorance or neglect. And yet ho
people cling to the fallacy that growth of t
spirit and the mind may be induced witho
regard to the health and normal wealth of t
body, through which they move and learn a
have their being. As well believe that ros
will grow without roots, as that human happ
ness and knowledge can ever reach their d
sired perfection in a puny race or in an inad
quate physique.

To breathe deeply, to sleep soundly, to wa
well, to be unflurried and undespairing,
take from the bounty of the earth only
much as will serve just needs, — these a
some of the things we learn at nature's kn
and forget in our greed.

One need not be a detractor of our ow
time to praise justly the more primitive li
of the open. Life in ages gone was mo
perilous than it is to-day. In those sm

classic and mediæval cities, whose names are surrounded with such picturesque glamour, life was doubtless more unwholesome than in our own Babylons. In our sanitation, our philanthropy, and our multifold conveniences, we have outstripped them beyond measure; and yet there remain the elemental needs to be remembered and respected. Our social customs, habits, usages, our personal requirements and fashions of living, all change with the centuries; our ideals, thoughts, sentiments, ambitions have changed many times with changing civilizations; but the great primordial human hungers and wants are no other to-day than they were in Eden. And it is really in unconscious obedience to those deeper necessities that we rebel against many of the demands which civilization imposes upon us, and turn to nature for relief from the petty exactions and disordering complexities of life with which we have become encumbered.

"Going back to nature," does not mean

going back to savagery nor to barbarism no
to any pestilential past; it only means open
ing the doors and windows, and stepping ou
to reclaim each his share of the riches o
earth's sufficiency, the leisure and sunligh
and gladness which have been from the begin
ning only waiting to be utilized and enjoyed
We go back to nature every time we take
deep breath and stop worrying, every time w
allow instinct to save us from some foolish
indiscretion of greed or heedlessness or bad
habit. A tiled bath-room is not essentially
menace to health; neither is a roll-top desk
nor a convenient electric light, nor any one
of the hundred luxuries we have become hab
ited to. As the good emperor might have
remarked, "Even in a modern hotel life may
be lived well." All of our triumphs of me
chanical genius are so many means of living
the more easily, if only we make use of them
appreciatively, instead of being mastered and
undone by them. When a luxury becomes a
burden it ceases to be a luxury. That would

seem to be a very simple piece of logic, yet it is not always easy to follow, and we are apt to cling to our supposed luxuries long after they have grown to be nuisances. It is chiefly a matter of selection, adaptation, and elimination, of taking what is good and discarding what is harmful in the great flood of commodities which civilization brings to our service.

The benefit of out-of-doors is not that it takes us away from civilization, but that it restores us to ourselves. Its profound essential satisfactions build themselves into the character and become part of the personality. All that suits out-of-doors is so elemental and normal that living within its mighty influence must gladden and normalize and deepen our natural selves, renewing our worth in temper, in health, and in sanity.

Houses were made for shelter, not for confinement; for freedom, not restraint; they were intended to enlarge our sphere of activities, not to diminish them. They were to

provide us a protection against the elements so that busy, happy life could go on unhin dered by extremes of climate. After food shelter is the first requisite, — the first trac of himself which man imposes upon the nat ural world, and the most primitive and last ing evidence of the handiwork which grow into all the arts of all the centuries. House foster the family and facilitate progress if w do not abuse their protection. We have with drawn into their still and comfortable re cesses, slept in their warm chambers, toaste ourselves over their easy fires, read by thei unflickering lights, and eaten from their over bountiful boards so long, that we are grow pale, timid, peevish, and thankless withal.

We have kept ourselves away from th wind and the sun and the lashing rain, from the feel of the earth under foot and the sens of the leaves and stars overhead, until we n longer know the keen and simple joys of being alive. We have set up barriers against the inclemency of nature, and cowered before her

severe austerity, until now we have forgotten how indispensable is all her kindly nurture, how tonic her rugged ways, how full of solace her assuaging calm.

Houses were only made to live in when it is too cold or too hot or too wet to live out-of-doors. At any other time out-of-doors is best. Out-of-doors is the only place where a man can breathe and sleep and eat to perfection, keeping the blood red in the cheek; and those are the three prime factors in the life of humans, the three first great rhythms of our being. It is almost impossible to get enough fresh pure air inside of four walls, and it is not possible at all to keep the wholesome flush of health in rooms unvisited by daily sun and breeze.

To sleep out-of-doors for a month is better than a pampered trip to Europe. In this climate one must have a roof, of course; but any piazza that is open to three-quarters of the heavens will serve as a bedroom; and the gain in happiness is unbelievable. With an

abundant supply of good air sleep soon grow
normal, deep, untroubled and refreshing, s
that we open our eyes upon the world a
gladly as a hunter or any pagan shepherd i
the morning of the world. Too often w
grow anxious and flustered and harried wit
distractions; the goblin of worry becomes a
inseparable companion indoors; and w
groan in spirit that the universe is all awry
when in truth half a dozen deep breaths o
clean air lend a different complexion to life
Our anxieties are nearly all artificial, and ar
bred indoors, under the stifling oppression o
walls and roofs, to the maddening clangou
of pavements, and a day in the open will ofte
dispel them like a bad dream.

We are crowded and hustled and irritate
to the point of physical desperation. In ou
thoroughfares and marts, our tenements an
tiny apartments, our shops and street cars, w
revert pretty closely to the jostling of th
original herd and pack. Is it any wonder tha
we should throw back to a primitive ruthless

ness in the stress and haste of competition? Can you ask for manners in the midst of a scrimmage, or look for moral steadiness in a nervous wreck? With more air and sun and ground, we find fewer instances of immorality and despair. For a return to nature is a return to good nature.

True, we cannot at once incontinently leave our tasks and wander at will out into the green world whenever the wind sets from a pleasant quarter; but for all that, there are many steps that we may take toward reëstablishing our divine heritage and rightful portion in the delectable commonwealth of out-of-doors. And the best use we can make of it will surely consist in wholesome normalizing exercise, — not necessarily in living out-of-doors more than we do at present, but in living there more wholesomely and naturally. A drive through the park, to take the least promising example, may be made a means of recuperation and health, or it may be almost worthless. To sit well in the carriage, breath-

ing freely and deeply, is one thing; to sink among the cushions, hardly breathing at all is quite another. Many a woman takes her afternoon drive with almost no benefit at all — except to the horses. Just so one may walk or ride or play tennis with such unfortunate habits of motion as to gain little good from the exertion; while a better trained physique with less expenditure of time and energy would easily obtain more beneficial results.

Out-of-doors is the birthright of every man and woman alive. The roads are free, if the land is not yet; there is plenty of life in the open air to be had for the taking; and with a little thought we may all increase our share in that inheritance of uncounted benefit. No land has a finer out-of-doors than this. Winter or summer, there is hardly a corner of it that will not afford you tolerant and kindly treatment, and reward your confidence a thousand fold. The seaboard, the mountains, the great plains, the farmland valleys, the noble rivers, the forests, the deserts — they

are all good to live in. Where we have not polluted and profaned them, they retain the purity and majesty of clean creation; and they are ever waiting to reinforce us with their nobility and strength, to soothe our fretted nerves, to console us with their leisurely endurance, to inspire us again with something of the natural dignity we have lost. They will discount our clever practices and shifty ways, but they will teach us instead methods of thought and conduct, a poise of character, better befitting our preëminence as human beings. When we breathe and move freely once more, we shall begin to realize our possibilities of greater happiness.

XCVI

# The Dominion of Joy

It does not need a philosopher to note ho
volatile happiness is, how variable and seem
ingly beyond control. Its sources are hidd
among the springs of life; its volume a
current, because they are so largely unma
rial and essential, appear uncertain; and li
those rivers which lose themselves in the d
ert, its radiant stream is often dissipated
arid distractions and confusing cares. Pu
as a mountain brook in its origin, it too oft
frets itself away in tortuous channels, mu
died by passions, perverted by mistakes,
contaminated by resentment and regret.

Happiness is an essence which is so read
extracted from life at times that one mig

suppose its formula easy to discover. But it is not so. Being secretes happiness out of experience as the bees secrete honey from the flowers of the meadows; not promiscuously, of course, nor indiscriminately, and always with consummate ease. The process of its distillation, like the production of honey, is veritable magic, and belongs among the natural mysteries.

We know in truth very little of the making of this divine extract; for the most part we are willing to take it without question and spend it without care; and we are almost equally ignorant of any rules for its preservation, though it escapes more quickly than any other aroma. It may appear in response to the wizardries of beauty, the summons of truth, or the impetuous demands of desire; and seemingly without rhyme or reason it may depart as quickly and inevitably as it came, leaving only the vaguest recognition of the conditions that invite it. Certain general laws which govern happiness are plain

enough for all to understand, and philosophers have essayed to formulate its components and stimuli; but how are we to command it with any surety, or guard against its dissipation?

With such knowledge we should be lords of as much of the empire of destiny as any sane man need wish. This is that secret which no oracle ever could declare, that enigma which no sage could ever solve, the one problem which absorbs the emperor and the hod-carrier, the philanthropist and the vagrant, the duchess and the drab, — every living figure in the whole tatterdemalion pageant of humanity, — with equal persistence and almost equal disappointment. You may write me learned treatises and expound pedantic moralities on the nature and sources of happiness, but what I want is a plain answer to a plain question, How can I be happy at will?

If I commit murder or theft or any crime against my fellow mortal, it is easy to foresee that I shall be unhappy; for other beings are

only extensions of myself, part of the same spirit, parcel of the same stuff, and I know instinctively that any violence against them is an outrage against the laws of my own being and an offence to my own spirit. You need not explain to me that nothing but unhappiness can spring from evil doing. I know that very well already. For I know better than any one can tell me that the evil deed is born in blackness of heart, and that happiness only visits a soul innocent of malice. Again, if I violate my instincts, I know I shall be unhappy, — if I eat or drink inordinately, if I am unreasonable and wayward and lawless in my habits, and fail to give rational care to my physical well-being. As a child I learned that I must not put my hand in the fire; as a man I am learning that I must not harm any one else; and the first law does not seem any more arbitrary to me than the second. They both seem natural and inevitable and I begin to perceive that we cannot be happy in transgression.

Not to transgress, however, is hardly enough to ensure happiness. The laws of inhibition are not guide posts on the road to the land of heart's desire, but only danger signals; they point nowhere, they are only warnings against disaster, and while they may save the wayfarer from destruction, they advance him little on the highway of perfection. You may abstain from every indiscretion, violate no rule of health, and still be an ineffectual stay-at-home. You may keep every one of the shalt-not commandments, and remain a gloomy prig for all that.

In the garden of the heart innocence and abstinence are hardly the finest flowers of conduct; they are but cleanly soil from which such flowers may be induced to spring. The virtue of a man is the strength of his essential spirit, not his mere harmlessness or passivity. Just as the only test for the virtue of salt is its savour, so the only test for the virtue of the heart is its joy. There is no happiness for us humans save in the normal exer-

cise of our senses, our intelligence, our emotions. If we claim that privilege for all men, we shall have an ample serviceable creed enough, and if we attempt to secure it, we shall have a happy enough task.

The direct pursuit of pleasure, or to demand happiness, may indeed be futile; but the instinctive pursuit of our activities is not futile, unless it be ill-advised; and from such pursuit, when it is wisely ordered, some essence of happiness is inevitably derived. Happiness comes to us not as a reward of merit, but as a proof of worth. It is not a recompense for abnegation, but a natural satisfaction in normal life, an incalculable result of real deserving. It is not to be found in violation of fundamental laws, for the simple reason that those laws, so far from being arbitrary restrictions imposed upon the human spirit, are merely the inherent laws of its own development and growth.

The Dominion of Joy is divided into three provinces or states — the state of mind, or the

Province of Truth, the state of spirit, or the Province of Goodness, and the state of body, or the Province of Beauty. Like any worldly realm, its boundaries are invisible and its interrelations various. There is no saying where the province of sense ends and the province of mind begins, nor where either of them joins the province of soul. These demarcations exist in theory only, on the map of the imagination. As a matter of fact, you may pass from one to the other and never know it, just as you may cross the line from New York into Connecticut without perceiving any difference. While each phase of being may have its own peculiar traits and beauties and resources, with its own necessary laws and customs, industries and appurtenances, they are all equally under an interactive government throughout — the great triune code of manners, morals and meditations.

The Dominion of Joy is as wide as the universe in which we dwell. Wherever the foot may tread and the soul subsist, there its be-

neficent power may extend. Its terminus is no nearer than the outmost star that glimmers within the sweep of vision. A flower by the wayside, a moonrise over the roofs of the city, a quiet sunset among the purple hills, the sudden flash of a passing glance in the street, the scent of some remembered perfume, a breath of spring wind stirring the blind at an open window, the blessing of a beggar, the sight of a masterpiece in a museum, news of an old friend, a strain of music, the skill of an acrobat, or a seasonable word — any one of these ordinary occurrences, if we be capable of appreciating it, may transport us instantly to the borders of this dominion, invest us with a cloak of happiness, and disclose to us a momentary glimpse of immortality.

The Dominion of Joy is neither a despotism nor a democracy, yet it is wider than any commonalty and finer than any aristocracy. It confers upon its citizens the freedom of the world, and gives them a distinction of bearing, an air of radiance, a compelling power,

such as no other aristocracy can bestow. There may be degrees in its social order, but the poorest of those who live within its rule is a more charming figure than joyless emperor or sombre king.

Yet the great ones of the earth may be greatest in its peerage, too; for as the blameless Roman said "Even in a palace life may be lived well." Joyousness is not founded on the fanaticism of scullions, nor on the haughty ruthlessness of the strong, but on the basis of every man's normality. It has no peculiar costume, no compulsory language, no racial features, no traits of character by which its inhabitants may be told. Its only signs are the laughing lip, the kindling eye, the kindly hand, and the foot that is light upon the pavement.

Inhabitants of the Dominion of Joy belong to a primitive tribe whose type is universal. They may vary in stature and in colour, in contour and in motion, in gesture, voice and habit; they may be black or red or yellow or

white, Hindu, Malay, Celt, Slav or Negro; but under these trivial marks of latitude they are all of one breed, betrayed by the eager step and the radiant glance. Though speech may be a babel of many languages, there is no mistaking the elemental meaning of the tone of happiness, the inflexion which signifies content. Before mind had anything to say to mind or any words to say it in, heart had its confidences with its fellow heart in soft caress and crooning love-note. And to-day, so lasting are these traditions of joy, that protestation and eloquence are superfluous between friends, and vain between those who have become estranged.

Beauty is the common tongue in the Dominion of Joy, — beauty with its elements of truth and its finish of graciousness, — and speech in that language has an instant passport to the hearts of men. No expression of beauty can fail of appreciation; no matter what its dialect may be, its welcome is secure, its place prepared, its worth established.

Moreover, those who give their days and nights to the study and practice of beauty, to the creation of loveliness in any form, are thereby naturalized in the Dominion of Joy and take on unconsciously the guise of its gladsomeness. Those who cause beauty to gladden in the world are rewarded by the afterglow of happiness in themselves, so near is dust to dream, so truly are human achievements a part of the divine.

There are many roads that lead to the Dominion of Joy through its different provinces, some of them broad and sumptuous, others inconspicuous and half hidden from view, some thronged day long with travellers, others unfrequented save by an occasional wayfarer. But those who are really wise confine themselves to no single province of the great realm, for they know there is an unwritten law of the Dominion to the effect that no one shall be allowed to thrive exclusively in any one of its precincts, but all who grow within its borders must share in all its influences and

have some knowledge of all its resources. Sensualists have tried to preëmpt the delightful Province of Beauty; pedants have attempted to monopolize the Province of Truth; and bigots have endeavoured to usurp the Province of Goodness; but all have found their purposes equally vain. For it matters not by what road one may first approach the Dominion of Joy, once within its borders, one must learn allegiance to its federal powers, and not merely to its partial interests.

The clamour of the imagination and the senses for pleasure, the call of the mind for satisfaction in reason, and the cry of the spirit for loving-kindness, often seem to imply a distraction in our nature. In reality these are not diverse demands, nor contradictory, but essentially identical, variously conveying the single wish of the personality for happiness. And never by degrading any one of them, nor by debauching any one, can anything more than a damaged and perishable happiness be obtained or preserved. For happiness, that

simple test of successful effort, is abiding only where it is harmonious and where it may freely range through all the regions of being. It cannot be obtained from any pursuit of the intellectual life, however single-minded and diligent, if that pursuit is carried on at the expense of health and generosity. No following of the so-called holy life can secure happiness if the body be marred and broken with wilful tyrannies and degradation, and the mind insulted and restrained from its lawful reasonableness and natural convictions. Much less can the nimble senses cling to happiness for more than a moment at a time, regardless of our respect for truth and our love of impersonal goodness. Happiness is at home only where soul and mind help flesh, and flesh helps them.

It is not easy to retain the franchise of this Dominion of Joy, though no mortal is by birth ineligible for that fine privilege. Some indeed are born to it by good fortune of inheritance; and even they may lose it by per-

versity or neglect. But those who do not conform so easily to its radiant governance, its serene and fostering atmosphere, may nevertheless prolong their sojourn there, if they will take some precautions, and be at some pains to achieve so delectable and so noble a triumph.

Happiness, let us admit, is not a relative thing, as pleasure is, but a positive condition of the spirit regardless of surroundings, a fundamental state of being in which normal personality finds the justification and value of life. A man may be happy in the face of death, and wretched amid luxury. Frail women have gone to the scaffold for a beloved cause with a smile upon their lips, and sturdy men have dragged out wretched years in palatial discontent. You may environ a man with all the comfort that pampered fancy can imagine, and still fail to ensure to him a moment's unmitigated joy. You may toss him upon a desert or transport him to Siberia with equal impunity, without destroying his

happy poise of being, if he happens to be one of the fortunate children of the kingdom of joy.

Pleasure depends upon material things, upon circumstances and events, and may be had in some measure even by the desolate, the selfish, the evil-minded. It is often a palliation of unhappiness, often a distraction of the desperate, but it can never be a substitute for veritable happiness of soul and essential peace of mind. Joy cannot visit the malicious, the selfish, the cowardly, the sullen, nor the dispirited, though two mortals talking together through the grating of a prison door may know the purest happiness. It only needs that their minds and spirits should be free and capable of being happy together; then conditions need not matter too much, nor count for a hopeless weight in the balance. Being that is not capable of happiness under all circumstances, cannot be sure of it under any circumstances.

Since earthly joy is coterminous with life,

and life is in the moment and the hour, the protection of happiness needs to be a daily consideration. To create some little bit of beauty every day, even if it is no more than rearranging the flowers in a jar or making a habitation more bright and clean; to serve goodness every day by even the smallest act of courtesy and kindness; and every day to learn some fresh fragment of pure truth — these are lines of the necessary procedure for those who seek naturalization and growth in the Dominion of Joy.

To enhance the loveliness of the world of form and colour as it lies about us, to widen the world of our knowledge and gain some helpfulness of wisdom and understanding, and above all to gladden and enlarge the world of sympathy and love where tender hearts have their tenure and questing spirits find their encouragement to hope: here is a threefold hourly task for the strongest of souls, yet not beyond the compass of the frailest of mortals, and here is a magic talisman,

with which the pilgrim artist or apprentice upon the highways or the byways of perfection need never go far astray.

But, O mortal, whenever it comes to you to dwell in that enchanted country, have a care, I beg of you, to cherish your good fortune with incorruptible devotion. For if once you lose that mystic franchise, that impalpable prerogative of joy, that warrant and prescription of glory, you will not find it easy to be regained. Do no violence to your sense of beauty, lest you imperil it; profess no belief which you do not really hold; cling to no creed which does outrage to your reason; nor in any way offend against sincerity, lest you imperil it; and above all stifle no welling love within your own heart, nor dismay the priceless love of another, lest you imperil joy beyond repair. Such misdealing makes wanderers and outcasts, self-exiled for ever from felicity, to range through a world to them for ever commonized and degraded, where there

is neither glamour nor elation nor courage nor hope.

The death of happiness in life is for every personality the insidious but fatal beginning of annihilation, the seed of infection and decay to which immortality must succumb. Joy must be for ever a part of the ideal, of which Mr. Santayana speaks so nobly, "He who lives in the ideal and leaves it expressed in society, or in art, enjoys a double immortality. The eternal has absorbed him while he lived, and when he is dead, his influence brings others to the same absorption, making them through that ideal identity with the best in him, reincarnations and perennial seats of all in him which he could rationally hope to rescue from destruction." And it behoves all those who would perpetuate the sacred fire of life, to nurture through all hazards its glowing core of happiness.

XVIII

# The Growers

WE have had *The Seekers, The Spenders, The Spoilers, The Sowers,* treated of and explained in fiction, but as yet, so far as I know, no one has written of The Growers.

The subject is a suggestive one. Even the title gives a fillip to thought. The growers are all those fortunate ones who, whether consciously so or not, have kept themselves truly and persistently in harmony with great nature. They have carefully cherished the mysterious seed of aspiration, which is the secret of growth, neither allowing it to atrophy unsown by hoarding it away in the dark closet of discouragement, nor impoverishing it through spendthrift dissipation. Normal

growers are not priggish nor niggardly, neither are they ignobly wasteful of what is more precious than gold. They are endowed with the instinct, the impulse, the curiosity which only constant development and a measure of lawful freedom can satisfy, and which must die if continually thwarted or repressed. The growers are all those natural children of the earth, whether simple or complex, who have cultivated the most fundamental principles of responsible living, a capacity for improvement and a hunger for perfection. And it is this trait of rational painstaking that lends the most sterling distinction to personality and differentiates leaders from followers, helpfulness from dependence, and the individual from the mass.

For growers there can be neither stagnation nor decay. They are like thrifty trees in the forest, deep rooted in the common soil of life from which they spring, deriving nourishment from the good ground of sympathy, stimulation and refreshment from the free

winds of aspiration, producing perennially the flower and fruitage of gladness and well-being proper to their kind and enriching the earth. They are the normal ones, at once the exemplars of all that is best in their species, and the perpetuators of all that is most valuable. Between the growers of the human and the forest world, however, there is this distinction, that while the monarchs of the woods grow only to the limit of their prime, the spiritual and mental growth of mortals may be unarrested throughout a lifetime. That is the glory of our human heritage, and the encouragement to our faith in our own venturesome essay. The power of growth is our talisman against dismay, wherewith to confront old age with interest, circumstance with equanimity, and the unknown without fear. And perhaps it may be impossible to bring to the extreme bound of our lifetime any more warrantable satisfaction than to have been a grower all one's days.

The growers are like the trees in that they

make use of such means as they have to further their life. A tree may sprout in ground far from congenial to it, and among conditions that are often largely disadvantageous. Still it neither sulks nor despairs. It proceeds to grow with as much determination as if it were in the most favourable environment. True, its difficult position or inappropriate soil may hamper or mar its growth, so that it will never reach the fine perfection which belongs to its type, but it will grow nevertheless. It does the best it can with its life, taking advantage of every possible opportunity, and making the most of whatever air and light and soil it can reach.

Just so with human growers. They use their wits to cultivate their aspirations and powers. They employ to the utmost such powers as they have, and fret themselves not at all over faculties or talents or opportunities that are not theirs. They are too busy benefiting by what is, to speculate idly on what might be, or to repine wastefully for

what is not. Aspiration is the seed of growth, but it must be farmed carefully like any other crop. It is not enough to have lofty ambitions and ideals, if we do nothing about them. They must be put in practice or they will not contribute to growth. It is in making our ideals actual that we attain success in life, and experience growth of personality. Many a well-endowed mortal has failed for lack of effort, while less fortunate ones have reached splendid heights of achievement and growth by dint of cultivating the modicum of powers that belonged to them. Making use of the advantages at hand, to the very utmost in every moment and place, is the secret of the seemingly magic process of success.

Thus the growers live in conformity with the universal trend of life, having a working faith that its mighty laws are friendly and benign. They overcome obstacles not by antagonism but by utilization. Having done their utmost to harmonize their living with immutable laws, they feel secure in the benefi-

cence of life, and have no fear of destiny. Here is ground for a contentment quite unlike the dulness of stagnation; a basis of buoyant well-being, and a perennial interest in all that influences development. Growers can never be hesitating, fretful, distracted, nor unlovely for long, since some new truth, some unlooked-for beauty, some fresh spring of emotion, is sure to touch their interest, refresh their sympathy, reinspire their enthusiasm, and requicken their whole being to gladder activity once more. To their ears it must always sound like sober philosophy to say,

> "The world is so full of a number of things,
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings,"

since hardly anything can exist or happen that is not capable of being transmuted into food for growth in their wise conduct of life.

There are many different ways of growth, spiritual, mental, material, — all beneficent, all leading to ultimate perfection when rightly followed, and all necessary for a sym-

metrical development. We all admit that it is hardly enough, in the history of any individual, that there should be a progress in material affairs alone. One may steadily improve one's worldly condition through life, and remain personally but little bettered at the close. The advancement in circumstances must be accompanied, pace for pace, by an advance in intelligence and feeling. Every day "to earn a little and to spend a little less," as Stevenson says, is good, proverbial philosophy, and if it be parallelled in matters of the mind and heart, becomes an invaluable word of wisdom. To grow a little more reasonable and a little more kindly day by day is an essential part of the truest prosperity.

The material value of this salutary thrift goes without saying, and one need only recall the riches of character in one's most stimulating friends, to be convinced of its equal desirability in the less tangible realm of personal culture and influence.

To our complex human nature symmetrical

growth seems the fittest ideal, — a balanced development that prevents the limitations of distortion and the friction of discord, and secures the freedom of poise. The lack of an ideal of symmetrical culture is to blame for such imperfect maturity as we find for example in persons who exhibit an overinsistent instinct for self-preservation, protecting and furthering their own animal indulgence, regardless of cost to others; in those who are so greedy of mind that they neglect the care of practical things; and in those again who are overdeveloped emotionally through uncontrolled avidity of sentiment and feeling.

The best growers are those rare and fortunate mortals who have divined the incomparable value of a symmetrical culture, and take constant care to utilize the avenues of growth in each of these three directions with equal solicitude. They know, or at least they instinctively feel, that any stultification in the development of one part of that composite miracle called personality means an inevita-

ble injury to the other two, and that none must be preferred or forced singly at the cost of the others, but that they can only be brought nearer to the measure of perfection by being helped and freed and cultivated harmoniously. This is the law of perfect growth.

Growers are the only people for whom we need feel no anxiety. If they are our friends, no matter for how long they may drop out of sight, it is certain that at our next meeting we shall not find them deteriorated nor worsted by life, whatever adversities or sorrows they may have had to face. For all fortune, both ill and good, is converted into means of growth by some secret chemistry of the soul, known (if not actually understood) by all personalities that are intelligently alive. However often they may change their address or their philosophy, they can never be worse off. They move their belongings from place to place, only to better their estate; they transfer their convictions and enthusiasms " from

creed to larger creed" only to widen their outlook and refresh their faith.

Again, growers are the only people who need never be afraid, — neither of misfortune, sorrow, defeat, unkindness, nor the shadow of death; for deterioration is the only veritable evil that can befall a personality. There is neither injury nor fault that cannot be outgrown. But when we cease to grow, it is a calamity indeed, and just cause for human dread. Fear and despair and anger and ignorance and worry and meanness are fatal, because they arrest growth, arrest spiritual and mental activity, even arrest digestion, and so are inimical to life and happiness. Any one of them may be truly called a partial death, since it causes a dissolution of some glad and natural emotion, beclouding the mind and involving the vital processes in temporary disaster. When the mind is unhinged by terror, or the heart is frozen by grief, the body can neither eat nor sleep, and

our whole being is torn from its proper environment of rational and kindly sensibility, beginning at once to wither and die like a wounded sapling or a broken flower.

And who so well as the growers can afford to drift? They need have no fear of being carried out of their course, for they are in the main current of life, and not in an eddy or by-water. Whither the mighty river of existence may be carrying them, perhaps they never inquire. They only know that they are being borne onward by its titanic sweep, in some glad, free, lawful way that makes for ever-widening horizons of happiness.

XVIII

# An Old-Fashioned Essence

THE modest and most essential virtues of the soul are like those old-fashioned flowers we used to love in dim half-forgotten summers of the past. They sweeten the character that fosters them, and under the magic process of life yield extracts more potent than the subtlest perfumes.

Can there be any one who does not remember the pitchers and bowls full of pansies and stocks and mignonette, of roses and poppies and nasturtiums, of heliotrope and sweet peas and lilies-of-the-valley, in odorous darkened rooms of some old country house far away

from the noise of town, among the elms and the hay-fields and the silver rivers.

In early morning the windows, which had stood open all night to blessed cool of trees and stars and shrubbery and drenching dew, would be closed by some gentle hand, and the green shutters drawn against the mounting glare of day, to retain in hall and parlour and dining-room something of the peace and refreshment of the hours of sleep, — in the lovely twilight of these most human sanctuaries, — while the blazing midday of Northern summer bathed all the garden world in pure unmitigated golden heat. The only sound to break that almost solemn quiet was the chatter of purple martins in their diminutive houses above the lawn, or the sharp thin note of the yellow warbler, as hot and intense as the breath of noon itself, or perhaps the sudden dry clacking of a locust driving his fairy mowing machine under the spacious blue.

Indoors, in that grateful stillness, beads of

icy water gathered on the brown stone jug on the sideboard, and the scent and colour of homelike companionable blossoms filled the dwelling with friendliness and charm. They were so still, so delicate, so fresh, so vivid, so eloquent of loving and sedulous care! As their fragrance gave a last touch of grace to the gleaming mahogany and silver of those hushed colonial rooms, the remembrance of them must perpetually haunt the chambers of the mind.

Of all the personal qualities which fragrant virtues go to distil, the most complex, while seemingly the simplest and surely the most irresistible, is the old-fashioned essence we call loveliness.

This fine quality, so easy to recognize yet so difficult to define, does not at once betray to the casual sense its component principles, and we are at a loss to realize exactly whereof it is made. Only after living and learning does the realization come to us that loveliness is distilled from a blending of kindliness, sin-

cerity, and comeliness, — or as a poet might say, from the lilac of love, the iris of truth, and the carnation of beauty.

The lilac may well stand for the emblem of kindliness. It comes so inspiringly with the opening of the year, when all the forces of the ground are awakening from their cold lethargy, and the beneficent earth is renewing her elemental life. In that time of universal joyance and exuberant hope, the lilac puts forth her generous beauty to the world, making a paradise of many a dooryard in the spring. In our Northern spring-time many loved flowers come early to the woods and garden beds, proclaiming with their brightness that the season of birds and leaves is here once more; and yet for all the encouragement of these welcome vanguards, there remains a chill in the air, a reluctance in the earth, a flinching in our skins, and a hesitation in our hearts. But when the blessed lilac blooms under the window, we are assured that the joy of summer is really at our doors, windows

are thrown open, and a warm gladness takes possession of indoors and out. The lilac, like all true kindliness, is so abundant yet so unostentatious, so sweet yet so subtle, so common yet so fine, so exquisite and so hardy! It grows without coddling in the humblest spot, lavishing all its wonderful delicacies of scent and colour, all its rich luxuriance of foliage, to glorify the poorest environment; and yet quite as becomingly will it deck the costliest table or the prettiest head with a touch of something untellably rare and precious. The children may gather it in armfuls without stint, while the wisest can never outlive the gladdening magic of its kindly charm.

To the artist, the lover of orderly revelations of truth in shapes of beauty, the iris has always been dear for its stately blending of symmetry and grace. It lends itself more serviceably than any other flower to the exigencies of decoration and design. Its triplicate petals, symbolic of the threefold nature of all perfection and the regularity of law

which must underlie all freedom, have been reproduced in myriad modifications through many centuries of art. As the trefoil, it has served to symbolize the trinitarian faith in countless reproductions of ecclesiastical architecture and ornament. As the fleur-de-lis, it is invested with memorable associations of historic glory. Through immemorial legendry its triune flower appears as the mystical symbol of sex, full of occult significance and implications of joyous life. As the common blue flag, it decorates our wilding meadows with a shred of heavenly azure cast down upon the young and springing world of green, beguiling imagination on many a summer morning with a strange spell, — as of a supramundane loveliness, — which always attaches to blue flowers. It is the joy of the designer, giving itself so pleasingly to interpretation of his fertile fancy, and adding its eloquent symbolism to myriad devices in wood, in leather, in pigments, in precious metals and plastic clay. Like a good model, it is not only

a convenience, but an incitement and an aid to invention, adaptable yet original and suggestive, definite and calculable yet full of flowing grace. There must be in all triune forms, whether in nature or in art, a profound and subtle satisfaction to the mind, since no other form — neither duplicate, fivefold, nor multifold — so suggests the triplicate symmetrical structure of all supreme beauty. The pure colour and delicate fragrance of the iris, with its simple yet luxuriant symmetry, conspire to make it a fitting symbol of sincerity and truth.

To distinguish between the comely and the beautiful requires some nicety in the usage of words, though any of us will feel sure of knowing the difference, so long as we are not asked for definitions. And while we readily accede the supremacy to beauty, it is still true that a comeliness that is sincere and kind may transcend many unsound beauties. Comeliness, to be exact, differs from beauty and grace, combining something of each of those

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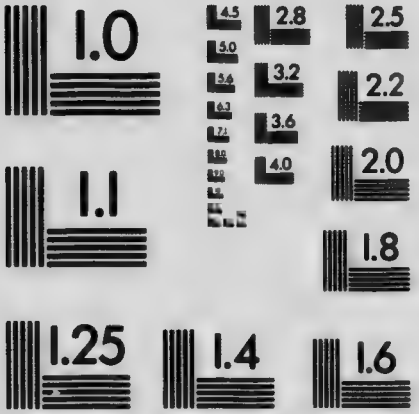

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attributes, and adding and emphasizing certain distinctions and qualifications of its own — serviceability, fitness, becomingness, freshness, and above all a scrupulous wholesomeness and freedom from taint.

As a type of pure comeliness, what flowe surpasses the carnation? To the rose no doub must be accorded her unquestioned preëmi nence of beauty. Her name has been imme morially a synonym for all that is most desira ble and ravishing to human sense. She is th undisputed empress of the flowery worl magnificent and unrivalled. But next to he consider the carnation's claim to popular sov ereignty. Consider their masses of opule bloom, their long delicate bluish leaves ar stems, their stimulating cleanly perfume, the variegated colour as they nod in homely clu ters in their well tilled beds, or sway wi cheery sufficiency from the simplest vase, a declare whether any of their sisters are mo comely than they, or can better satisfy th craving for sensuous refreshment which t

loveliness of flowers has helped to engender in us, and must for ever help to slake.

Loveliness is not perfection. It requires only human possibilities, — kindliness of heart, frankness of disposition, fitness of person. It is warm, impulsive, quite fallible, often sad, but never unkind. It does not even affect omniscience, content if it can but secure an acceptable sincerity and fair dealing in the conduct of life. It does not pine for flawlessness, if it can but have faithfulness, painstaking, good cheer, and growth toward a noble dream.

As old-fashioned flowers are simpler and commoner than many overfostered favourites of the hour, and yet never lose their perennial essence of loveliness, but rather become enriched and endeared as associations and memories gather about them, so these old-fashioned qualities of kindliness, sincerity, and comeliness, which go to make up personal loveliness, are not really superseded by any amount of "temperament," "esprit," "style," or what-

ever characteristic may be in current vogue in the jargon of the hour. The quality of being "chic," for instance, does not include all that comeliness implies; a friend may be "sympatico" (that admirable and delightful trait!) and yet not have all the tonic charm comprehended in kindliness; and no characteristic of the mind can ever take the place of human sincerity. The newer modes, whether in flowers or graces, cannot supplant the old essentials. Fashions change, but the things that fashion life are unchanging.

One is often surprised at finding beauty where there is neither soul nor intelligence at all commensurate with the physical seeming, and in such instances one instinctively hesitates to use the adjective "lovely," as synonymous with "beautiful." For loveliness as we habitually think of it, contains other attributes besides physical ones, being made up of a modicum of beauty, actuated by a generous heart and inspired by an incorrup-

ible loyalty. This subtle composite charm does not necessarily affect us in the same way that surpassing beauty does, suddenly overcoming us by its sheer supremacy and often leaving our riper judgment bewildered and void. Loveliness pleases and satisfies without reservation or reaction. While it is within the power of beauty to astonish the senses, only loveliness can delight the soul and content the mind as well as charm the eye.

To the lover of beauty in old days Aphrodite was immortal and divine, and remnants of her liberal cult may still lurk in our pagan blood, haunting the imagination at times with an alluring spell. The immemorial rites of that worship are not to be revived. Our skeptic days call for a more rational religion. Meanwhile we credulous and practical moderns, still not altogether unmindful of enduring loveliness, might recall the three immortal Graces, offer them sane devotion under their names of Comeliness, Sincerity, and

Kindliness, and enroll ourselves in the order of the carnation, the cult of the iris, the fellowship of the lilac.

What mainly distinguishes these essential ingredients of loveliness is that they are all attainable practical virtues, rather than abstractions, — human rather than divine attributes. Kindliness is practical love, sincerity and comeliness are the every-day forms of the truth and beauty which we think of as eternal. And loveliness itself is a most human essence, rather than an angelic one. We endow celestial beings in fancy with shining, preëminent, and supreme perfections, but reserve the livable properties of this-world loveliness for the children of mortals.

Gentle, warm and generous natures lay a sorcery upon us with a look or a tone, or transport us by a hand-touch beyond the confines of sorrow and dismay, while far more perfectly beautiful but less loving and understanding beings leave us indifferent and unmoved. Time as it passes betrays the lovele

spirit and the unlighted mind by unmistakable signs; the eyes grow hard, the mouth unsmiling or mean, the brow sullen or supercilious, and the general mien becomes furtive, dejected, or querulous. But the kindly spirits who put love and care into the daily practice of life, increase in loveliness as the years go by, and age only lends them a more indubitable and magic comeliness. Their beauty is not the mere insensate mask of appearance, whose flawless hues must pale, its texture change, its lines droop, beginning to wilt even in the moment of maturity, like a soulless flower; it is the subtle and registering simulacrum of the ever-growing intelligence and spirit, whose loving thoughts and feelings it reveals from moment to moment in valuable and memorable expressions of loveliness. The plainest features grow more comely with years, through habits of loveliness, — by being made continually the instruments of sincere and kindly lives.

Of all the qualities that can enlist our en-

thusiasm for a personality, sincerity is surely the noblest and most rare. It is only through sincerity that mortals can attain anything like a permanent tenure of happiness, and come to breathe that paradisal air in which fearless intelligences dwell. Sincerity is to conduct what truth is to science, what unselfishness is to religion, what devotion is to art, the corner upon whose soundness all other worth depends. As a single error may invalidate a whole fabric of reasoning, so a drop of insincerity may vitiate all the effect of an attractive character, nullifying beauty, weakening love, and involving the personality and all relationships in disaster. It is sincerity that supplies the preservative ingredient in loveliness, that keeps it stable and sweet under conditions and for any length of time preserves its goodness from the insidious inroads of staleness, and its beauty from the deterioration of futility and disappointment.

That comeliness should be so potent a factor of loveliness is natural enough, since it is

senses after all that supply the nourishment of our dreams and suggest the trend of our ideals. It is useless to delude ourselves with the belief that the spiritual life needs nothing more than virtue for its sustenance, and may be lived in a state of fatuous beatitude quite removed from actualities. Such a dreary and fantastic conception of existence could only have been devised by the dark rabid theology of the middle ages, that midnight of man's reason. Strange as it seems, there are still here and there fanatical minds which can decry the excellence of beauty, keeping alive the mistaken old cant which declares it to be an evil and a snare. This is no more than an ascetic and fanatical pose, without any real ground of conviction; for we must all enjoy the æsthetic stimulus of beauty and feel the religion of its innocent good, unless we are perverted or mad.

But the instinct of humanity is never to be defrauded for long. The sternest Puritan must have felt in his heart that his hatred of

beauty was traitorous to honest goodness and
at enmity with benign truth. Is not the deep
unhappiness in the lives of bigots a proof of
the unnatural and monstrous falseness of their
doctrines? We need to be constantly trained
and exhorted to an honest and generous mo-
rality, but comeliness is an unquestionable
good which we must instinctively approve
and admire. No healthy intelligence can be-
lieve that disregard of physical welfare can
be other than injurious and crippling to men
tal and spiritual growth. Our intuitive ad
miration of the beautiful is too deep and pri
mordial to be other than wholesome and legi
imate, and productive of salutary result
And we must make ourselves happy by free
ing our minds from the unfortunate notio
that somehow personality is to be miracu
lously endowed with angelic perfection
through vigorously neglecting to cultivate th
perfections that are possible to it here an
now, — by getting rid of the delusion th
our instincts are evil and our senses corru

and that the aspirations and purposes of the soul and mind can be best served by meagre, inadequate bodies.

The practical cultivation of gladdening and helpful loveliness needs no extraordinary wealth, no exceptional opportunities, no favoured habitat or environment, no peculiar advantage of air or season. In any garden of the spirit its growth may spring and flourish with modest rapture and invincible powers. Comeliness glorifies a cotton gown as enchantingly as it does a Paris "creation." One may wear clothes worth a ransom, and still be unlovely, even uncomely, — dowdy, mean, undesirable, and ashamed. It costs very little money but considerable nicety to be comely, — to be clean, cared for, and in keeping with just requirement. To be sincere and kindly is equally inexpensive monetarily, and more costly in unselfish effort and wisdom, yet not unattainable for the least of us even in a confusing and distracting world.

And always before us within constant touch

of enjoyment is that enheartening and suffi-
cient reward for all efforts in self-culture, —
a sense of our own small share of unequivoca
though unobtrusive success and contentment
always about us, the loveliness of life, it
blossoms flowering in choicest and humbles
places, fragrant and perfect, and distilling fo
our rapture the potent essence whose perva
sive magic makes Eden everywhere.

## XXX

# Genius and the Artist

No more misleading definition was ever formulated than the familiar one which declares genius to be an infinite capacity for taking pains. That is the one thing that genius is not. A capacity for taking pains may be a characteristic of every conscientious worker, but is in no way an essential distinctive trait of genius.

The very essence of genius is its spontaneity, its inspiration, its power of instant and inexplicable coördination and achievement. Its processes are incomprehensible even to itself. It cannot take pains, for it is an immediate force like gravity, and works without effort or consciousness of exertion. It is indeed an

infinite capacity, but it can only have be
confused with patient painstaking because
the eternal course of creation infinite patien
and infinite desire must be supposed to
parts of infinite wisdom. Among men gen
is more often spasmodic, uncertain, fluct
ting as the tide and erratic as the wind, s
ceptible to stimulus and amenable to sugg
tion and education, but intolerant of routi
impatient of restraint, and accommodating
self with difficulty to the stereotyped requ
ments of conventional toil in a worka
world.

The woes of genius are proverbial.
the many annoyances, misfortunes, and
tresses which usually beset its most ma
possessors are charged unreasoningly to
inherent character of genius itself. But
is surely an error. It is not the unfortu
man's genius that involves him in unha
ness, but his lack of a rationally ordered
well balancing education adapted to hi
ceptional needs. Far from being the

of his undoing, his genius is often the only source of satisfaction and happiness he has; and its exercise and influence afford him the only refuge possible to his otherwise chaotic and ill-regulated life.

The dictates of genius are never unsound. Its tremendous urge is a veritable breath of the life-spirit, infinitely wise, benign, and powerful, making only for good, for beauty, for enlightenment in the life of the individual and in the life of the race. It can only seem chaotic or malign when perverted by faulty art, when thwarted in exercising itself, when stultified and harried by unfortunate environment or inharmonious training. Genius often seems mad only because its possessor is inadequately educated for handling his treasure, incapable of arranging any *modus vivendi* between himself and the world. Small wonder that the bungler of such a blessing should be distracted and distraught by such failure.

The precious gift of genius is not so infrequent as is said. Not all genius is in the realm

of fine art or in public or famous or conspi
uous activities. It may show itself in the sir
plest service of humanity, and all genius
richly valuable and exquisitely pleasing. T
genius of motherliness, that soothes and su
tains the whole weary world! The genius
merrymaking that suns out the dark plac
whenever it comes near! The genius of u
selfishness that gilds the dullest effort! T
genius of making happiness out of the unlil
liest odds and ends saved from the wrecka
of our disappointments! The genius of ing
nuity, — how well balanced it must be, h
modestly it works its miracles! The mar
sided genius of home-making and child-re
ing! The sturdy genius of dependabili
Unacclaimed, unappreciated, unapprais
but never wholly unrequited, these bits
life-spirit work against unreasoning obstr
tion and confusion to save the world! W
has not some genius, and what might it
grow to, if it were happily educated! H

better can one serve the world than through the happy bent of one's genius?

Genius is the spontaneous coördination, of inspiration, aspiration, and execution, and requires for its perfect development the finest, most harmonious culture of the spirit, the intelligence, and the senses. Why not, therefore, so educate every one in the art of living as to establish avenues through which genius could free itself and develop to the incalculable good of the world? Genius must be educated and supplied with adequate complementary capacities in order that it may be saved from torture and frustration; and the artist, that is to say, every one of us, should be so educated that genius may emerge and find an unobstructed vent for its purpose and dream.

THE END.